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CARLETON,

A TALE OF

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX.

——— Hear me more plainly.—

I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
'We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.*

John R. Willis

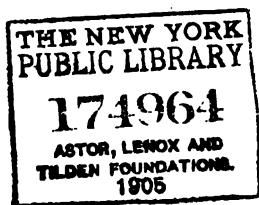
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.

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1841.



Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1841,
By LEA & BLANCHARD,
In the office of the clerk of the District Court of the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

It has frequently been said, that American history affords but few good materials for the novelist. Mr. Cooper himself, in one of his prefaces, observes, that writers of fiction can find in it little that will suit their purpose, as "there is," says he, "a familiarity of the subject, a scarcity of events, and a poverty in the accompaniments, that drive an author from the undertaking in despair."

The writer of the following pages, notwithstanding this opinion—an opinion in which the distinguished novelist does not stand alone—has ventured to select some of his materials from the history of the War of Independence; and, although he is conscious of having brought but feeble powers to the task, dares to hope that, if he has not succeeded to his wish, in *investing his story with deep interest*, he

has done enough to show, (what, perhaps, needed no proof,) that, in abler hands, the events of the great struggle are susceptible of being wrought into entertaining fictions. Mr. Cooper, in his 'Spy,' has already demonstrated the truth of this remark.

Should the critics pronounce unfavorably concerning the present work, the author is willing that the failure should be wholly ascribed to the use he has made of the materials, rather than to the materials themselves. If, on the other hand, their verdict should be such as to afford him encouragement to repeat the effort, he will, probably, at some future period, present them with another work of the same kind, but more worthy, he hopes, of their approbation.

THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA, 1841.

CARLETON;

A TALE OF

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX.

CHAPTER I.

AT no period of the American Revolution, did the affairs of the colonies present a more gloomy aspect, than in September 1776; if we except the winter of the following year, when the miserable, naked, and half starved army of Congress went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The disastrous battle of Long Island was fought on the 27th of August, and in spite of the exertions made by the Commander-in-chief to maintain his ground, the Americans were defeated with great slaughter, and driven back to their encampment in Brooklyn. The loss on that occasion to the patriots, could not have been less than two thousand men—a most serious diminution of that raw and undisciplined army, with which the illustrious Washington had attempted to check, if not to defeat, the regular troops of Great Britain. Hitherto the patriots, or

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beset them on every hand. He saw that the leaders of the revolution had gone too far to think of retracing their steps; and as the Declaration of Independence had only two months previously been published to the world, in which that immortal band of patriots had pledged to one another, their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor, to support the freedom they had asserted, he clearly perceived that no alternative remained, but to maintain with the sword, so long as an arm could be found to wield it, the hazardous position they had assumed.

It was, perhaps, the battle to which we have alluded, that satisfied him of the imminent danger, if not folly, of opposing our undisciplined militia to the regular troops of Britain; and first induced him to adopt that prudent policy which, two thousand years before, had enabled Fabius Maximus to save his country, by wearing out the energies of the invading army under Hannibal. Having, with the most consummate ability, and to the astonishment of the victorious enemy, withdrawn his forces in one night from Brooklyn to New York, Washington lost no time in repairing, so far as he was able, the effects of his recent discomfiture.

It is at this period that our story commences. Washington was in possession of New York with a part of his army, while a portion of it was at New Rochelle and West Chester; and General Howe was on Long Island, laying those plans for the occupation of the city, which he subsequently carried into successful operation.

Very early in September, 1776, a young man not more than twenty years of age, sat in the parlor of his father's house in ~~Wall~~ street, at that period one of the most fashionable places in New York. Henry Carleton—for that was his name—was above the middle height, nay tall; and being stout in proportion, his frame might, without much exaggeration, be called Herculean. His hair was auburn and disposed to curl; his eyes were large, brilliant, and full of expression; and the *tout ensemble* of his features, although not, perhaps, decidedly handsome, was very pleasing, and conveyed to the beholder a correct idea of his character. His disposition was open and frank, and when nothing weighed upon his spirits, he was usually cheerful and talkative, especially when in company with intimate friends; but there were times when he was exceedingly grave and thoughtful, holding little converse with any body, and keeping himself aloof, even from the members of his own family. His countenance would then assume an expression of seriousness which left its impress upon his features, long after the feelings that gave rise to it, had passed away.—Indeed that expression in a milder form seemed natural to him; for about the mouth, particularly, which was small and well formed, there was always, in its moments of repose, a degree of soberness, if not of severity, which was strictly in harmony with his character. Latterly these paroxysms of thoughtfulness—as they were called by his father—had very much increased in frequency, in-

so much as to have become a matter of some uneasiness to his parents. His sister Grace, whom we shall presently take occasion to describe, thought she could satisfactorily account for this striking change in her brother; and whenever she saw him in one of those uncomfortable moods, never failed to take him playfully by the ear, and advise him not to be so cast down, but to pluck up courage and visit the lady of his love. She charged him with timidity in what she thought to be an affair of the heart; and sometimes, in order to indulge her sportive vein, offered to take upon herself the task of negotiating between him and the formidable being, to whom she thought him attached. Henry never undeceived his sister, and in reply to her banterings, would kiss her pretty lips, and leave her convinced that she had discovered the real cause of his seriousness. He frequently affected the cheerfulness he did not feel, and conversed with Grace in a strain that implied an admission of the charge she brought against him;—asking her advice, and pretending to fear the opposition of his own or of the lady's father. At other times he would alter his tone, laugh at the idea of his being in love, and leave the young lady almost in doubt whether she had not indeed mistaken the true cause of her brother's altered manners. It never, however, long remained a question with her, as to the correctness of her surmise; for the conviction that such melancholy could only be produced by love, was too strong to be easily shaken.

On the morning in question, Henry sat by a table

on which lay a small map of the state of New York. He had but a few moments previously returned from a long walk in various parts of the city, whither he had gone to visit several of his friends connected with the American army. The day was excessively warm, and he had come in heated, weary, and with spirits more than usually dejected. Throwing himself into a large chair, he spread out the map before him, and began to study that part of it which lies to the northeast of the city, and which is bounded by the Hudson on the west, and partly by the Sound on the east. This tract of country, being the county of Westchester, seemed for a time to be the object of his close scrutiny; when having, as it would appear, familiarised himself with the situation of the towns and streams, he gradually relaxed the earnestness of his attention, and finally, with his head resting upon one hand, and his gaze fixed upon the carpet, fell into a train of profound thought.—There was nothing pleasant or comfortable in his reflections, as the severe expression of his mouth and eyes, and the constant workings of his brows too plainly indicated. Had any person been in the same room, he might have heard at short intervals, long-drawn sighs that spoke as clearly as words could tell, of a mind ill at ease, and laboring under a load almost too heavy to be borne.

Having sat for some time in this position, he rose and paced the floor, now stopping for a moment to re-peruse a letter which he drew from his pocket, and now leaning half-unconsciously upon

the table, to run his eye carelessly over the map. Then he would pause by the open window, and gaze intently upon the opposite house, the pavement, or the sky; taking no notice of what was passing in the street, nor acknowledging the salutations of several acquaintances, whom his abstraction did not permit him to recognise. The only circumstance that recalled his thoughts from the subject on which they were so earnestly engaged, was the sound of martial music heard in the direction of the Battery. Immediately his countenance brightened, a smile passed over his features, and he appeared animated by the loud clang of the trumpet, and the beating of the "spirit-stirring" drum. Keeping time with his foot, he continued to listen till the music died away in the distance; when he seized a book from the shelves, and again threw himself on a chair, but not to read. His gaze, indeed was upon the page, but another subject solicited and gained his undivided attention. At length he threw down the book, and resting his head upon his arms, which were crossed upon the table before him, was found in this attitude by his sprightly and amiable sister Grace.

This young lady was about seventeen years of age. She was rather small in person, but fashioned after the finest model, and possessed sufficient beauty to render her an object of attraction to a host of ardent admirers. Her hair and eyes were black, her complexion pure; and to a set of features which no man of taste would feel disposed to cavil at, was added such a row of pearly teeth, as it

is a positive pleasure to look upon. But beauty and an exceedingly engaging person, though on a small scale, were not the only treasure which Grace Carleton's future husband was destined to possess; her mind was of a superior order and well cultivated, and her disposition was remarkably sweet and playful. Having said thus much of this charming creature, the rest we must leave to the reader's imagination.

"How now, brother," commenced the young lady, walking up to him and throwing her arms affectionately about his neck; "moping here alone as usual? You will not, then, take my advice and bring matters to a crisis. Silly boy that you are, why do you not mount your horse, and place yourself, two hours hence, by the side of Alice, whom you love far better than your own sister?—Do as I bid you, now; let Peter saddle Romeo, while I pack your saddle-bags, and before dinner you may be at the Woods confessing yourself to my sweet friend."

"How many times must I assure you, Grace," replied Henry, kissing his sister, and throwing a cheerful expression into his countenance, "that there is no chance of success in that quarter? Look for a moment at the obstacles that present themselves. In the first place, I have of late years, been so little accustomed to ladies' society, that my extreme awkwardness would make me appear ridiculous in her eyes. In the second place, her father and ours are not, you know, upon good terms; and supposing that Alice were not averse to an union with me—a supposition, by the way, not at all pro-

bable—either her father or mine would certainly object to the match. In the third place, Mr. Stafford is a thorough Tory, and as I am one of those rebels whom he so cordially hates, there is no hope of my ever being able to obtain his consent. Thus you may perceive, fair lady, that, however sanguine you may be, my prospect is certainly a most unpromising one.”

“I do not agree with you, brother,” said Grace; “you are a large young gentleman, it cannot be denied, but you are not an awkward one; and if you are not the handsomest creature in the world, Alice, I am sure, would call you perfection itself—so effectually does love blind young ladies’ eyes to the faults of their admirers. As to the old misunderstanding between her father and ours, you have nothing to fear on that account; for Mr. Stafford, by sanctioning Alice’s intimacy with me, shows that his ill-will—if any remain—does not extend to us. Our father, you are well aware, admires Miss Stafford, and has repeatedly said enough to convince me, that he would gladly have her for a daughter-in-law. Now the third obstacle you have hinted at, is not worthy of a thought.

“Whatever you may think of it, sister,” observed Henry closing the map, “I consider it a most formidable difficulty—one sufficient of itself to prevent my obtaining the hand of your charming friend. Mr. Stafford’s aversion to us patriots, or rebels, as he calls us, is so fixed, that he would almost as willingly see his daughter wedded to a pirate, as to the well-wisher of the American cause.

I am a Whig, Grace, and in that fact alone, you will find a barrier to what you desire, not easily overcome."

"Henry," said Grace, fixing her coal-black eyes upon him with a degree of seriousness in their expression quite foreign to her disposition. "Why do you pretend to be a Whig? I tell you that you are not a Whig, but as good and loyal a subject of the King's as General Howe himself. I shall be offended with you if you persist in calling yourself a Whig—indeed I will."

"Why sister," said Henry smiling, and much amused by the sudden gravity assumed by Grace, "to hear you talk thus, one would suppose that you hold the opponents of your favorite general, to be little less than monsters in human shape. Remember my little Tory, that these same Whigs to whom you have so great an aversion, number among their ranks, a large proportion of the best and most upright men in the country. They very reluctantly adopted the course they did; but an unjustifiable interference with their dearest rights, compelled them to take up arms in defence of the independence they have asserted."

"That is the old story," replied Grace; "men who find it convenient to sin, are seldom long without an excuse. I have read Jefferson's exposition of these grievances, and, as I have before told you, can see in it only a display of talents, which, it is much to be regretted, are employed in so horrid a cause. It grieves me, Henry, to find that you favor those men who have so rashly undertaken to

subvert the royal authority in these colonies. I cannot believe that you are serious—you say these things to teaze me.”

“Well, Grace,” said Henry, “I will not argue the question with you, for I see very clearly, that Congress and the Commander-in-chief cannot depend upon your aid in the glorious work they have undertaken. You will not be a soldier of the Revolution, eh?”

“Not on the Whig side,” replied Grace smiling, “but if ever I should draw a sword, it would be against that good-for-nothing man whom—”

“Grace,” interrupted Henry in a tone of voice and with an expression of countenance that showed how deeply he felt the last remark, “if you have any respect for my feelings, never speak lightly in my presence——”

“Forgive me, Henry,” cried Grace, while a tear started in her eye; “I could not have believed that your sympathies for the rebel cause and their leaders, were so strong—indeed I could not. But—you forgive me, do you Henry?”

“I do, Grace, most willingly,” replied Henry, throwing his arms around her neck and kissing away a tear; “and I am angry with myself for having spoken harshly to you.”

“Will you permit me,” inquired the young lady in her playful manner, “to impose a penance for having thus drawn tears from your sister’s eyes?”

“Certainly,” replied Henry; “and I promise to do it provided it be a reasonable one.”

“Then,” said Grace, “I require you to remain

neutral in politics, and within seven days to visit the Woods, and propose for the hand of Alice Stafford. What say you, young gentleman?"

"That the saving clause in my promise enables me to decline both," replied Henry laughing. "My reasons—you little royalist—are these. In the first place, in times like the present, it behooves every man, especially of the upper classes, to contribute his aid to the restoration of peace. If the king and his ministers have the best side of the question, they have a right to claim my assistance in re-subjecting the colonies to the royal authority; while, on the other hand, if the king and his ministers are wrong, my countrymen have a right to count on my aid in resisting oppression. My feelings are enlisted on the side of the colonies, but what course I shall pursue, is not yet decided upon.—Now as to the second branch of your penance, I can only say that it depends on circumstances whether I go to the Woods or not. I cannot promise you, however, to propose for Miss Stafford; for, although you insist upon it that I love her, I am by no means so well satisfied on that point. My own opinion is, that I do not; and this being the case, you surely would not desire me to wed a young lady, whom I have not yet determined whether to love or not to love."

"Henry," said Grace, "why do you always speak so jestingly with me? You treat me precisely as if I were a girl ten years of age. You know as well as I do that you are attached to Alice, and yet you are always pretending that you are not."

"Nay, good sister—I consider you now a young lady, sober and discreet, and a very proper person to advise your brother as to his duty in love and politics; but what I have told you is about the truth so far as I know. I promise you, however, to take your requisitions into serious consideration; and on due reflection, it shall seem best to accede to what you demand, you may depend on my doing so. Perhaps I may even go so far as to join the British army—who knows?"

"I do," replied Grace; "for I shall forbid that as I do not intend that you shall put your life in jeopardy even for the king.—Adieu, brother, to dinner. There is the sound of a drum—I must take a peep at those good-for-nothing soldiers."

"Grace," cried Henry, "come back a moment."

"Well, here I am," said the young lady.

"How is young Wentworth?" inquired her brother.

Grace vanished through the door without vouchsafing a reply.

CHAPTER II.

RALPH CARLETON, the father of Henry, was by birth an Englishman. He belonged to a highly respectable family, and was said by those who pretended to know, to be a not very distant relative of a distinguished nobleman residing in Devonshire. Whether this be true or false, it is not important to our history; but it may not be amiss to remark, that he was never known to speak of any noble relations—a fact which led some of his envious acquaintances to the conclusion, that he numbered none of the nobility among his connections. Perhaps he thought that he had sufficient merit of his own, without seeking to improve his standing in society, by spreading a knowledge of his high descent.

When quite a youth, Mr. Carleton was brought to this country by his father, who, besides his two sons, took care to bring an ample fortune. We shall omit to state the reasons that induced Henry's grandfather to emigrate, because, first, the reader cannot be supposed to care a straw what brought him hither; and, secondly, because we are not ourselves accurately informed. It is sufficient for us to know that he settled in the vicinity of New York, and that he possessed a large fortune which, in due time, descended to the father of our hero, and to Reginald the younger brother.

Ralph Carleton was a man of liberal attainments who had been bred a lawyer with a view to keep him out of harm's way during his minority, and give him such a knowledge of business, as would enable him to manage his estate properly. It was not a profession, however, which he despised, having early imbibed a prejudice against it, from the tricks which he saw resorted to by the gentlemen with whom he studied. For this reason chiefly, and also because the fortune which he had inherited at the demise of his father, rendered any business unnecessary, he never practised law, of which he had acquired a competent knowledge. He lived therefore, the life of a gentleman, and having ample means to support a liberal style, kept a sort of open house for the accommodation of his friends and bore the character of a hospitable and well-bred man. His disposition seemed to be mild and amiable, and, until the breaking out of the Revolution, he never took a decided part in any question, but suffered every party, whether in politics or religion, to have its way, so long as it did not interfere with his own peculiar enjoyments. In his heart there was apparently no soil in which party spirit could take root and thrive with a weed-like luxuriance, choking every kindlier feeling. Party strife however bitter, whether of a public or a private nature, had given him a moment's uneasiness, nor would he ever do or say any thing calculated to diminish his popularity, or alienate a single friend from his board. This apparent apathy concerned all questions, even those which interest almost

every man, was the more extraordinary, since events proved that he was capable, like most others, of becoming a warm and zealous partisan.

Although his memory did not extend to the period when he resided in England, Ralph Carleton had always entertained a deep feeling of veneration for the land of his birth. His father had taken unwearied pains to inspire him with a love for his native soil. He had taught him when sitting upon his knee, the history of that noble kingdom; and it was his delight when separated from its shores by the ocean, to tell him stories of its kings, statesmen, warriors, and poets; and to describe to him the cities, towns, castles, &c., of the "fast-anchored isle." To all this would Ralph listen with a kind of rapture, nor did he ever tire of hearing his father talk of merry old England. He grew up with a strong affection for the land of his nativity, and was ever proud of the circumstance that he was born an Englishman. He would rather have sacrificed his fortune than to have it otherwise; for he felt that half his dignity consisted in the fact, that he first drew breath on British soil. This being the case, it is not surprising that, when the misunderstanding arose between the mother country and her colonies, Mr. Carleton espoused the side of the former. He soon became warmly interested in the question, whether Great Britain possessed the right to tax her subjects not represented in parliament; advocating the affirmative of the proposition, and, of course, condemning the decided stand taken by the Americans. He labored hard to propagate his

views of the subject, and astonished his friends by the zeal he displayed, in endeavoring to quell that spirit of rebellion which was daily gaining strength. From being a gentleman of leisure, with nothing to occupy his attention but his estate and the round of pleasures to which he had been devoted, he became a warm adherent of the king, with more business on his hands than he could transact, without encroaching upon the hours of night. But notwithstanding the warmth of his zeal, he never exhibited any of that violence which characterised the conduct of many royalists. In his intercourse with his Whig friends, he never, for a moment laid aside that gentlemanlike deportment for which he was so distinguished. He was unceasing in his efforts to justify the British government, and to induce his opponents to abandon their position; but he would not permit a word to escape him, calculated to disturb his friendly relations. He continued to receive the visits of his friends with the same degree of cordiality as before; but he gradually diminished the frequency of his entertainments, in consequence of his time being so much occupied with political matters.

Henry Carleton's character differed in many respects from that of his father. He was a young man of strong feelings, who threw his whole soul into all subjects that engaged his attention. He was never lukewarm, especially when the question involved the rights of any human being; and anything bordering on injustice, oppression or cruelty, was always sufficient to excite his indignation

against the oppressor. This feeling arose less from the natural kindness of his disposition, than from his abhorrence of wrong in whatever form it might appear. His strong sympathy with those who suffered from the impositions of the overbearing, early showed itself at school, where he was sure to range himself on the weaker side, whatever might be the number or strength of those he had to oppose. This not uncommon trait was the cause of numerous contentions with his school-fellows and others; but it gained him the reputation of a noble and spirited boy, whom every body liked for the generosity and boldness of his character. Although so frequently fighting in behalf of others, he was never known to have a quarrel of his own; for, as he never gave offence, so, his companions, either from love or fear, seldom offended him.

When he entered college, he devoted himself night and day to study, and in due time, made himself an excellent general scholar. To mathematics he gave much attention, less from any advantage he might expect to derive therefrom, than from a natural inclination to such investigations.

Notwithstanding the ardor of his pursuits in literature and science, the difficulties then existing between England and the colonies, did not fail to claim his serious consideration. He made himself acquainted with the subject from its incipient stage, and deferred his decision till he had satisfactorily ascertained, which side possessed that invaluable treasure, right. He was the more anxious to form a correct conclusion, because he had been early ap-

prised of his father's sentiments; and being from the beginning inclined to the colonial cause, he wished to examine and weigh every argument used by the advocates of the British policy, before making a choice that might place him in direct opposition to his father, on that momentous and exciting question. At length he decided, and immediately became strongly interested in favor of his oppressed countrymen. He then watched the movements of both parties with the most intense anxiety, and every step taken by the British ministers, served to increase his disgust and contempt for their cupidity and injustice; while the acts of the judicious colonists, showing a calm determination to resist every encroachment on their rights, augmented his admiration of their wisdom and firmness.

Contrary to his common practice, he remained silent on this subject, or said no more than was calculated to elicit information. His reasons for concealing his opinion was, that he desired as long as possible to spare his father the pain of learning that his son's feelings were enlisted on the side of the colonies; for he was well aware that Mr. Carleton was deeply interested in favor of the royal cause, and that nothing would excite his displeasure so much, as to hear of the rebellious spirit of his son. Naught but the high respect he entertained for his parent, would have deterred him from both expressing and advocating his opinions, whatever consequences might have followed such a course.

It was a little less than four months since Henry returned from Yale college. Until within a few

days he had not participated in any conversation respecting the war, although that absorbing topic was daily discussed in his presence. His studied silence soon led his father to suspect, that Henry's sentiments and his own did not coincide; but instead of arguing the subject with his son, Mr. Carleton endeavored to set him right, by rehearsing in his hearing every argument that could be produced in favor of the royal cause. To none of these did Henry reply, because he foresaw that the slightest opposition on that question, would be the commencement of perhaps a serious misunderstanding between him and his father. For the same reason Mr. Carleton was careful not to irritate his son, hoping that, in time, a change of opinion would be wrought by such reflections as the course of events was likely to suggest, should his own mild and judicious observations upon the war and its probable consequences, fail to produce the desired effect. He well knew that if Henry were once brought to the point of declaring himself, the case would be nearly hopeless; for such were his firmness and inflexibility, that, having fully decided and made known the course he intended to pursue, nothing could induce him to deviate. While he was yet neutral, he was open to conviction—so at least, thought Mr. Carleton; and it was therefore the care of that gentleman to see, that when his son took ground, it should be on the right side.

This state of inactivity and restraint was particularly burdensome to Henry, who felt so deeply for the colonies, that he scarcely allowed himself to

think of any thing else. He longed to connect himself with the army, and to spend his days in the tented field, instead of passing them ingloriously at home, while his country stood in such sore need of his services. Abstaining reluctantly from action, he found himself debarred from even speaking in favor of that cause, which he would gladly have aided with his sword. He became unhappy under the reflection that he was neglecting an important duty, and allowing others to incur those dangers, which, he thought, should be shared by every gentleman in the community. Nor did he lament his idleness on that account alone; for, being animated by an ambitious spirit, he could not see without a sigh, that a field of glory was open before him, which promised a harvest of fame to those who should cultivate it assiduously.

An incident at length occurred, which induced Henry to avow his sympathy with the colonists. The subject of the war was under discussion at his father's table, when one of the gentlemen present, emboldened by the British success on Long Island, took occasion to comment in severe terms, upon the private, as well as the public, character of Washington. Henry's indignation was immediately kindled by those unjust aspersions, and he replied in a manner that clearly manifested the high respect he entertained for the Commander-in-chief. His bold language excited the greatest surprise in the mind of every person present, none of whom expected to hear the rebel leader as he was called, vindicated by a member of Mr. Carle-

ton's family. Nor was Henry content with a simple defence of the man, whom, above all others—his father excepted—he admired and venerated;—for, having now taken the first step, he thought that, in justice to himself, he ought to let it be known, that he condemned the measures of the British government, and cordially approved those of the colonies. This he did in the most explicit terms, much to the astonishment and chagrin of Mr. Ralph Carleton, who thought that Henry might have spared him the mortification of such a declaration at such a time.

A little cool reflection would doubtless have restrained Henry on his father's account, from expressing his opinions so publicly; but the freedom with which the leading colonists had been handled, excited him to the point of defending their characters and their cause, with all the warmth of feeling that his position would allow him to display.

Shortly after making this unwelcome exposition of his political sentiments, he withdrew, leaving Mr. Carleton to explain as he best could, the extraordinary conduct of his son. That gentleman, however, made no attempt to excuse the rebellious disposition which Henry had so unexpectedly manifested; but immediately turned the conversation from that subject, and labored hard, though unsuccessfully, to conceal the mortification which that untoward event had occasioned.

When the company had retired, Mr. Carleton lost no time in requesting an interview with his

son. His first intention was to express his high displeasure with great severity; but, on reflection he concluded to adopt a milder course, because he thought it more likely to effect the object he had in view. The meeting took place in the library and the conversation—if conversation it can be called, when one party remains silent—lasted more than an hour. Having previously discovered the inefficacy of argument, Mr. Carleton endeavored to operate on Henry's judgment through the medium of his feelings. He began by alluding to the anxiety and trouble that his infancy had cost his parents—to the care they had bestowed upon him in sickness and in health—and the unwearied pains that had been taken to educate him in the best possible manner. Then he spoke of the deep interest he felt in the unnatural war that raged between the mother country and her daughter—of the wickedness of the colonies in thus opposing their lawful king—of his abhorrence of rebellion, whatever might be the pretext, and of the disgrace which Henry's sympathy with the revolutionists, could not fail to entail upon his family. He said, that loyalty to the king was, in his opinion, a cardinal virtue, and that he would much rather sacrifice the whole of his fortune, and be thrown a beggar upon the charity of the world, than have it said that his only son had deserted the principles of his father, and gone over to the open enemies of his country. He dwelt long and eloquently upon the misery which such a circumstance would certainly inflict upon him; and he begged Henry, if any regard for

father's feelings remained, to retract what he had said, and avow his determination to take no part in the contest. He would not require him to go so far as to express a preference for the royal cause; but only asked that he would in future demean himself as one who felt no concern about the issue of the war.

Henry listened very patiently, and was evidently moved by the appeals of his father. He would have sacrificed every thing but his duty to spare him a single pang, and although he did not promise to comply with Mr. Carleton's wishes, he determined to take a few days longer for reflection, before he fully decided how to act. His father was apparently satisfied with this, thinking he had made good progress in reclaiming his son, and hoping with much confidence that, in a short time, he should find him as good a subject of the king, as any in Great Britain.

Left alone in the library, Henry sat for some time absorbed in deep thought, and then took from the shelves a work on military tactics, which he had been studying at intervals since his return from college.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Grace had retired, Henry seated himself in a large arm chair, and began to reflect upon public affairs, in connection with his own peculiar situation. It was but three days before, that the incident alluded to in the last chapter occurred; and however desirous he felt to please his father, he found it impossible to do so, without neglecting what he considered an imperative duty. The more he reflected upon the subject, the less likely he appeared to form such a determination as would be satisfactory to Mr. Carleton. He pretty soon became convinced, that he could not accede to that gentleman's wishes; and the certainty of rendering him unhappy by continuing to favor the colonists, gave Henry much uneasiness, and placed him in an awkward dilemma. His trouble was increased by the consciousness that his services were then much needed by his unfortunate countrymen, whose disasters on Long Island, as we have remarked, had threatened the dissolution of the army, and promised triumphant success to the British arms. He had that day seen the discomfited forces of Congress, and remarked the discontent and dismay depicted in those countenances, which, a fortnight before, had expressed so much eagerness to

meet the approaching foe. As he looked upon them, and contemplated the striking change in the prospect of the colonies, which only a few days had brought about, he could not but censure his culpable inactivity at a time when his aid might be so serviceable to his country. He had some consolation, however, in the reflection, that his remaining at ease was to be ascribed to the restraint imposed upon him by the peculiarity of his position; and not to the want of a sincere desire, to join heart and hand in the great struggle for independence.

Whilst a train of unpleasant thoughts was passing through his mind, the door was opened by a black servant, who announced Capt. H—— of the American army. This young man was about twenty-one years of age, possessing a fine person, a most prepossessing countenance, and an eye that at once declared the generosity and fire of his character. He was dressed in military style, and looked exceedingly well, although his attire bore evidence of his having recently seen severe service. He had been educated at Yale college, and was the intimate friend of Henry Carleton during their course of studies. He was an excellent scholar, accomplished and brave; and when the war broke out, he accepted a captain's commission that was tendered to him, and with the zeal of an ardent aspirant to military fame, entered very early into the service of his country. He was possessed of high talent, if not genius; and the agreeableness of his manners, added to his many

valuable qualities of head and heart, won for the admiration and respect of a large circle of friends.

Soon after entering college, Henry Carleton and Captain H—— became very intimate. They were almost constantly together during their hours of relaxation, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship, that was destined to terminate only with life. One subject of daily examination with these young friends was, the quarrel between England and America; and they made it a practice to read together, all that was published touching the unhappy difficulties then existing. Captain H—— was not long in deciding in favor of his countrymen;—but, as has been observed, Henry, for reasons already named, was slow in determining to which party he would adhere. His friend was assiduous in his efforts to secure him to the colonial cause, and, at length, had the satisfaction to lead him to avow his hostility to England, and his intention, if he should take an active part, to offer his services to the American chief. Captain H—— was the only person to whom Henry revealed his sentiments on that subject—for between them there were but few secrets, being accustomed, in the warmth and confidence of youthful friends, based upon a thorough knowledge of each other's characters, to converse unreservedly upon almost every topic.

After they were graduated, they continued to correspond as frequently as was compatible with the duties of the young officer, whose time, after

joined the army, was, of course, much occupied by other and more important matters. Immediately succeeding the battle of Long Island, and the subsequent withdrawal of the American forces from Brooklyn, these young men had several times met, though under circumstances that filled both with gloomy apprehensions for the future. Captain H—— again solicited Henry to join the army, but on learning the true state of the case, desisted from further persuasion, not feeling himself justifiable in influencing his friend to disregard the wishes of such a father as Mr. Ralph Carleton.

This was the first visit that the young officer had made to his friend, for such had been the nature of his duties, and so constant his attention to the great cause in which he was engaged, that he found but little time to bestow upon matters not appertaining to the army. He was one of those who apply themselves with untiring industry to whatever business they may have in hand, and with the degree of ardor generally exhibited by great minds in the pursuit of a favorite object. There may, however, have been another reason why he had not before availed himself of Henry's repeated invitations to visit him; and that was the different light in which the grand struggle for freedom was viewed by Mr. Ralph Carleton. Captain H—— was sufficiently acquainted with that gentleman's character to be aware, that, on no account, would he allow his political bias to influence his conduct towards a guest of his son; yet, consider-

ing the bold stand as a royalist which Mr. Carleton had taken, he judged, and perhaps correctly, that an officer in the American army could not, under any circumstances, be received by him with feelings of cordiality. For these reasons, Captain H—— although he was fond of Henry's society, and made it a point to see him daily, and to give him a part of what little time could be spared from duty, had abstained from even a call at his friend's residence.

On the morning in question, however, Henry and he had not met, the latter having been, for some hours, engaged with his superior officers, projecting an expedition of which he was to have command. He had a particular wish to see Henry and apprise him of this dangerous but important service; for he hoped that, by so doing, he should present to him a temptation not to be withstood, at once to distinguish himself, and to render important aid to the suffering army. He did not intend to use any persuasion, but simply to give an opportunity for the exercise of those physical and intellectual energies, which he expected ere long to see devoted openly and boldly to the colonial cause. He was so well acquainted with his friend's feelings and inclinations, that he felt assured, if Henry could be induced to break the ice by joining the expedition then on foot, that he would become enamored of the service, and immediately connect himself with the army in despite of any opposition. With such views and intentions, therefore, he hastened to Mr. Carleton's, and was for-

fortunate enough, as we have seen, to find Henry at home and alone.

"Good morning to you, Captain," commenced Henry, laying down a book which he had held in his hand without reading, "and welcome to this house which, to say the truth, you seem to have shunned as if it contained some monster dangerous to your very existence. It does, indeed, belong to a Tory, but to such a one as would have welcomed you as cordially, as if you were the most loyal subject in the king's dominions."

"I do not doubt, Harry," replied Captain H—— smiling, and drawing a chair to the table placed in the centre of the room, "that your excellent father would have received me with the courtesy for which, I am told, he is so justly distinguished; but I cannot help thinking that we blue-coated gentry are not the most agreeable guests to gentlemen of his principles."

"I believe it may be said," observed Henry, "that whatever his predilections may be in favor of our enemies, he forgets all distinctions the moment a visiter crosses his threshold. So if you should see my father before you depart, depend upon it he will be rejoiced to make your acquaintance—the blue coat to the contrary notwithstanding. He has heard me speak of you so often in times past, that he must naturally feel curious to see one, who must be near perfection itself, if all my letters from Yale are to be believed. Boys, you know, are apt to express themselves in stronger terms than the subject of their praise or censure justifies."

"That is often the case, I am aware," said the captain; "but I should not have thought that a young man so sparing of words as you are, and generally so careful to measure, as it were, the length and breadth of your language, could ever have uttered any thing extravagant in reference to your friends. I'll wager a sword now, that you have gone no further than to represent me as a youth devoted to study, somewhat skilled in mathematics—well behaved for a country boy—and as good a rebel as ever drew sword against his king."

"I have said all that certainly," replied Henry, who felt little inclined to pleasantry; but how much more I shall not tell you, neither do I accept your bet, because I should then be under the necessity of producing my letters, and thus flattering you to your face. But what is there new to-day, captain?—Is it true that the army is to be withdrawn to Harlem?"

"Such appears to be the determination of the General, who is apprehensive of being hemmed in here, if he should occupy the city much longer. Howe is too crafty not to see that his next step should be to bring his army over, and cut off our retreat. He is doubtless meditating such a move, but Washington is too wide awake to be caught in that way. If we cannot defend the city, we must, at least, preserve our communication with the eastern states."

"We shall then soon have the British commander and his army here to vex us with their presence," said Henry in a tone that sufficiently indicated

the painful feelings with which he contemplated such a prospect; "I would to God I might be gone before that event takes place, for I should feel like a slave to remain here inactive, with foreign troops awing me, as it were, into submission."

"You have then decided not to join the army?" observed Captain H—— inquiringly, at the same time turning over the leaves of a book, as if he hardly expected a reply to the interrogatory.

Henry did not immediately answer, but, with a clouded brow, walked to the window, where he stood for some minutes gazing abstractedly on the pavement. Captain H—— regarded him closely, watching the workings of his half-averted countenance, as if he might have entertained the hope of hearing him declare his determination to accept the commission which, it had been intimated to him, would be tendered, whenever he should signify his wish to enter the service. Nor was he mistaken in his supposition that Henry was debating with himself the propriety of such a step; for indeed the certainty of so soon separating from his friend, and being left at home surrounded by mercenary troops, the bare sight of whom he could not endure, almost induced him to disregard those considerations which had hitherto kept the feelings of the patriot in subjection to those of the son.

"What can I do, situated as I am?" he demanded, returning to his seat. "Gladly would I sacrifice my ease and comfort without the hope of reward, and devote my time to the promotion of the glorious cause in which you are engaged, were

it not that my father is so warmly attached to our enemies, that he would rather see me carried to the grave than wearing a uniform like yours. I envy you, H——, the privilege you enjoy of thus serving the congress, and although the prospect before you is now gloomy in the extreme, I can truly say that I would willingly sacrifice all the advantages of my present position in society, to be left entirely at liberty to follow the same path which you are pursuing.”

This was said with so much warmth of feeling occasioned by his uncomfortable reflections, that Captain H—— pitied him, while he admired no less the ardor of his patriotism, than the deep respect for his father’s wishes.

“The time may come,” continued Henry after a few moments’ pause, “when I shall consider myself free to act as I desire;—indeed, I have not yet decided to remain at home, though by doing otherwise, I am conscious that I should cause my father far greater pain than the death of one of his family would inflict. He holds his honor to be involved in this question, and would regard himself as a disgraced man, if I were to oppose myself to the king’s arms in this unnatural war.

“Circumstanced as you are,” said Captain H—— “I must not seek to exert any influence over your choice, however pleasant it would be to me on personal grounds—to say nothing of public considerations—to have you for a companion in arms. I perceive that your own feelings sufficiently prompt you to the right course; and of the reasons which

deter you from yielding to their impulse, you are the better judge. I must repeat, however, that I admire your filial submission to the will of your father, while I lament that there are any obstacles in the way of your entering a service, consecrated by the purest motives that ever actuated a band of patriots. If there has been a moment since the war commenced, in which we had reason to be discouraged, it is the present; for we have not only met with disaster and defeat, but, what is worse, our soldiers have become disheartened, and are daily deserting their colors in large numbers. The General is indefatigable in his efforts to ——”

“Say no more H—— I beg of you,” interrupted Henry, “or you will force me, in spite of myself, to the course which my heart already sufficiently inclines me to adopt.”

“Well, then, to leave that subject,” said the captain, “let me tell you what business I have in hand for to-night. It is one of those little episodes in the grand drama, so attractive to the brave spirits who are fortunate enough to become actors therein.”

“What is that?” inquired Henry eagerly; for every thing connected with the movements of the army, was as interesting to him, as if he were taking an active part in military affairs. “What is to be done to-night?”

“We have just learned,” replied Captain H——, “that an English sloop has arrived in the East River, laden with stores et cetera, for Howe’s army. Now as we happen to stand in need of

much that she has on board, it has been determined to capture her, if possible, to-night."

"Who commands the enterprise?" demanded Henry.

"I do," replied the captain; "I have six as brave fellows to accompany me as ever drew a sword; and if we do not make a good report to-morrow morning, it shall not be for want of stout hearts and hard blows."

On hearing this Henry again rose from his seat, walked to the window, where he remained but a moment, and then returned to his chair without speaking, though evidently considering whether he should offer his services or not. "To-night you say?" he at length inquired.

"To-night as soon as the moon goes down," replied Captain H——, "we shall make the attack, and a most dangerous one it must be from the guarded position of the vessel."

"I have a mind to accompany you," said Henry, after a moment or two of deep thought; "I can do so without its being known, unless I should be wounded; for I can so disguise myself that I shall not be recognised by any of your men who may happen to know me. Let me think—there will be some risk of my father's finding it out in one way or another, but I will go notwithstanding, if you will allow me. What say you?—will you take me as a volunteer?"

"You may act your own pleasure," replied Captain H——, rejoiced to hear his friend offer to join

the expedition; "but I should apprise you that we shall necessarily encounter much danger, in consequence of the sloop's lying for protection near the frigate Asia."

"So much the better," replied Henry rubbing his hands, and evidently elated with the thought; "so much the better—the less will be the disgrace of failure, and the greater the credit of success. I would not join in a task that did not involve some personal hazard. What time do you depart?"

"I am to meet my men at the White Rose tavern in Dock street,* at nine o'clock. If you decide to go I will cause the requisite arms to be provided for you."

"Do so," replied Henry, "and if you will call for me—no, that must not be—I will leave home alone, and meet you at the tavern a little before nine o'clock."

After a little more conversation which it is not necessary to repeat, Captain H— took his leave, but not till he had left the way open for Henry to relinquish the design, if, on more mature reflection, it should seem proper to do so.

Again alone, Henry exulted in the thought of so soon striking a blow for his country, and began to feel that degree of impatience for the hour to arrive, with which a brave man incapable of fear and loving adventure, will look forward to his first essay¹ in warfare. He felt the impulse not only of his patriotic feelings, and of an ambition to distinguish

* Then a part of what is now Pearl Street.

himself, but of a strong desire to attract the notice, and deserve the praise of the Commander-in-chief. He did not permit himself to reflect upon the probability of its becoming known that he had joined the attacking party; for, not doubting of complete success, and trusting to the disguise he meant to assume, he saw no necessity that his name should be connected with the enterprise, or that his friends should be aware of his having participated in the affair. He contemplated the bright side of the picture with the high-wrought expectations of a sanguine temperament; anticipating no failure—no untoward event that might disclose the fact of his having taken arms against British subjects—but looking with a kind of rapture to the reward that awaited him in the thanks of General Washington.

Having indulged in such thoughts for half an hour or more, he began to consider what was necessary to be done, to ensure the realising of those pleasant dreams. His disguise was to be planned and procured—his pistols examined and put in complete order—and other matters were to be attended to, which would consume a considerable portion of the day. What cost him the most anxiety was, the difficulty of so arranging it, that he might be absent from an early hour till morning, without its being discovered. Remarkably regular in his habits, he was accustomed to spend his evenings at home, and he knew, therefore, that if he should not return at a seasonable time, the circumstance would occasion some alarm to the family, and not unlikely result in his being obliged, either to explain the business

which had called him away, or to refuse to account for an absence so extraordinary. He at length determined to feign indisposition and go to his own room immediately after supper, that he might avail himself of a pair of back stairs leading from the upper corridor to a door which opened into the yard, whence he could have egress by a small alley communicating in the usual manner with the street. It happened, fortunately, however, that Mrs. Carleton had made an engagement to visit in the evening a near neighbor with whom the family were intimate. Henry framed a satisfactory excuse for remaining at home, and telling the servants that he was about to retire and wished not to be disturbed, he went to his chamber and waited with much impatience the appointed hour.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING dressed himself in such a manner as he thought would secure him against recognition, and carefully loaded his pistols which he placed under his belt, Henry threw himself on a chair by the open window. It wanted more than a quarter of an hour to the time, at which he had agreed to meet his friend, and he had therefore some leisure to reflect calmly upon the step he was about to take. The ardor with which he had engaged in the purpose, though still great, had so much abated as to allow him to think of the consequences. He began to see that the risk of discovery was much greater than he had at first thought—indeed he now considered it extremely improbable that his connection with the bold attempt could be concealed. He began, too, to regard himself as highly culpable in thus going counter to the express will of his father, who, he well knew, would be much offended, if the circumstance should come to his knowledge. He found himself very uneasy under these reflections, and as his agitation increased, he rose and paced the room with a disturbed air, occasionally pausing by the window, or seating himself for a few moments in a chair. More than once the idea of altogether abandoning the enterprise, crossed his

mind, but the dread of being thought a coward, to say nothing of his own wish to accompany his friend, soon confirmed his resolution to proceed.—He had fully determined upon going—he had passed his word that, at the appointed hour, he would be prepared to join the party—and now nothing short of a positive command from his father, could have prevented his carrying the intention into effect.

At length, having buttoned an ample coat over his weapons, and drawn his hat as far over his eyes as possible, Henry descended the stairs into the yard, and thence, without being seen, made his way into the street. He hurried along till he had gone beyond the immediate vicinity of his residence, when he slackened his pace that he might attract no attention from the quickness of his steps. On arriving at the White Rose tavern—a mean wooden building, two stories high, with a huge sign over the door, bearing a coarse representation of the beautiful flower from which the inn took its name—he found Captain H—— standing within the entrance waiting for him. The keeper of this public house, whose name was Jacob Grady, was a stern Whig, and regarded a Tory with the same unfriendly feeling, with which the king of the lower regions is said to look upon a saint. A red coat was his detestation, and in his eyes an Englishman was the personification of everything bad. Much as he hated the British and Tories, he was not more inimical to them, than was the gang of intrepid fellows who made his house their head quarters, and who were accustomed to congregate there every

evening that they were not more profitably employed.

One of the boldest and most successful of these men, was an individual named Marriner, or Captain Marriner as he was more commonly called, from his having under him a squad of reckless spirits, who were always ready to execute any project, that promised a harvest of gold. He was a man of considerable intelligence for one of his rank in life, and possessed a fund of anecdote and information, which rendered him a most agreeable companion to his associates. He was, moreover, extremely facetious, and, when the occasion demanded, he could be very satirical, never failing to come off victorious from his sharp encounters of wit. His command of language gave him at such times, a great advantage over his opponents, and few who were aware of his peculiar powers, would willingly provoke him to an exhibition of them. He was, however, a good-natured fellow, and when among his intimate friends, was commonly in high spirits, and ready with the humorous anecdote or story, to excite their laughter. Marriner may be said to have possessed fine talents, and had they been properly cultivated and called into action in a different sphere, they would undoubtedly have gained him an enviable celebrity. As it was, they only made him the centre, though infinitely the superior, of a set of men, whose trade it was to prey upon the enemy on their own account; acknowledging no law but their own will, and obeying none but their active and fearless leader. These

gentry, of whom Marriner was the admitted head, did not reside permanently in the city, although they were, perhaps, more frequently there than elsewhere; but lived, when at home, in New Jersey, conveniently near to the water, which seemed to be the element best adapted to their exploits. Their depredations were by no means confined to property which they found afloat, for it frequently happened that they made a descent upon the neighboring shores, penetrating to a considerable distance into the country, to ease some unfortunate Tory of everything valuable he might happen to have in his house. If the building itself escaped being burned, he had reason to be thankful for the lenity shown him by the lawless freebooter. These acts, though pleasing to many of the Whigs, were not justifiable, neither could they be easily prevented.

The intelligence respecting the English Sloop, had probably been early received from Marriner or one of his men; and as that bold leader was *au fait* in all matters connected with water craft, Captain H—— thought it important to the expedition, that he should compose one of the party. Marriner, who was never unprepared for such duty, readily consented to make himself useful both in capturing the vessel and bringing her to the quay; but did not forget to stipulate for a handsome reward in case of success. He was not one of those patriots who are willing to venture life and limb gratuitously; but, like many others, who have fought valiantly for their country, took care to make his

deeds profitable as well as glorious. He was not a lover of money for its own sake, but gained it that he might spend it freely among his boon companions; and was generally destitute of cash, although he frequently had, for a very short time, considerable sums in his possession.

The two friends after a mutual salutation, proceeded up stairs, where, before they entered the room, Captain H—— informed Henry that Marriner had been engaged, and stated the reasons for employing a person of his habits and principles. Henry felt some uneasiness on learning this fact, for he was apprehensive of being known to Marriner whom he had repeatedly seen. Captain H—— quieted his fears by assuring him that he was so effectually disguised, that no man could possibly recognise him, particularly at night. In truth Henry had succeeded in materially altering his countenance by covering his head with a large black wig, and rubbing his eye-brows with burnt cork;—precautions which, on looking into the mirror that hung in his chamber, almost satisfied him that he would be safe under the sharpest scrutiny.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself, was Marriner seated on a rickety chair in one corner of the fire-place, with both feet upon the mantle. He was smoking a pipe of tobacco, the fumes of which had nearly filled the room, and by his side on a small table, were his arms and a replenished glass of brandy, his favorite beverage. At first sight, there was nothing very remarkable in his appearance. He was rather above the middle

height, strongly built; with an arm brawny as the leg of an ox, and a fist that might slay a dozen of men with as many successive blows. His hair was inclining to red, and his whiskers of the same color though brighter, were more remarkable for quantity than beauty. He had an ample forehead and bushy eyebrows; under which twinkled a pair of small gray eyes, that had a mischievous expression when he felt disposed to be humorous, but which would flash fire itself when he was excited with anger.

When Captain H—— and Henry entered the chamber, this eccentric individual was in the middle of one of his excellent stories, and the five other men who were sitting at ease in different parts of the room, were laughing most immoderately. All those people, excepting Marriner, were armed with cutlasses only, while the redoubtable captain himself had, besides a cutlass, a splendid pair of pistols, which he had probably taken without leave from their original owner.

The moment that the door was opened, the laughing ceased and all became silent, Marriner rising and making a slight bow to each of the gentlemen. Captain H—— simply remarked by way of introduction, that his friend, who was probably unknown to them, had offered to join the party as a volunteer. Marriner gave a long puff in reply to this observation, while he scrutinised Henry's countenance so sharply as to give both him and Captain H—— some uneasiness about the result. After a few moments of silence, during which he followed

Henry with his eyes, a stern expression settled upon his features as he took the pipe from his mouth and said, "If there be anything disgraceful in the business of to-night which renders it necessary for Mr. Carl—"

"Stop, sir," interrupted Captain H—— rather sternly. "This young gentleman, Marriner, has his reasons for desiring to remain incognito."

"Ay, I dare say he does," replied Marriner; "but I would ask you, Captain H—— whether you consider it exactly the thing to bring a Tory among us at such a time?"

"A Tory!" exclaimed all the men, springing to their feet.

"Silence!" said Captain H——; "Marriner let me speak a word with you in private."

The two then went out of the room, and after a few moments, during which our hero was the object of many contemptuous glances from the men, they returned; when Marriner, with that independence and freedom of manner which he never laid aside even in the presence of his superiors, walked up to Henry and observed, "I beg your pardon Mr. Thingumbob, I mistook you for another person of my acquaintance, and I am glad to find you are not the Tory I took you to be. He's all right, my dear fellows," he continued, turning towards the men; "true as steel, and bold as a lion. The General himself a'nt a better man. Come Captain, and you Mr. — Whig—I forget your name—let's have one glass before we go; for the rascals,

you know, may send us to Davy Jones', in which case it will be our last."

Here Marriner called the landlord, and ordered three glasses, which were quickly brought in and set upon the table. Disinclined to drink, Captain H—— and Henry, nevertheless, took the clumsy tumblers, in order to humour the man who would have his own way; while Marriner's eyes showed that some of his out-of-the-way thoughts were about to find expression. "Now, gentlemen," he began, looking into the tumbler which he shook gently in order to stir up the sugar at the bottom; "I don't know how it is with you, but when I drink a glass just before going on a desperate business, it makes me feel melancholy to think that some unlucky shot or blow may make it the last. I believe it's the only thing I should leave with regret when I die, for as I've no wife at home, and of course no little Marriners, there's nothing it will grieve me to part with, but brandy. It's the best friend a man like me has on this earth. There's a little song about it, which, with your leave, I will sing before we go. Who knows but it may be for the last time?—Ahem!"

I.

"When sorrow's pangs corrode the heart,
And life itself almost destroy;
Oh give me brandy for my part,
Delightful drink!—our greatest joy.

II.

"'Tis brandy nerves the warrior's arm—
'Tis brandy warms the lover's breast—

" 'Tis brandy shields from every harm,
And gives to every pleasure, zest.

III.

" 'Tis brandy——"

Here Captain H—— was obliged to interrupt the singer, as time pressed, though under other circumstances he would have had no objection to hear the remainder of the song; for Marriner, having a good ear for music, and a voice which possessed considerable flexibility and sweetness, had the power of entertaining those who care little for science, provided there be melody in the sound.

"Well, gentlemen," said Marriner, not in the least displeased at the interruption; "I will but give you a toast and then we will go. Success to the Whigs—Confusion to the Tories."

Captain H—— and Henry raised the glasses to their lips, but scarcely tasted the contents, while the proposer of the toast, who had already finished his third glass, swallowed the whole of his liquor, smacked his lips as he stuck the pistols under his belt, and announced himself in readiness to depart.

At this moment the landlord's daughter Elizabeth, or, as she was more commonly called, Lizzy Grady, came into the room on some errand, and having caught Henry's eye, suddenly stopped, examined his face with evident surprise, and then, as if ashamed of what she had done, blushed and passed out of the room. This little incident, trifling as it was, caused Henry some disquiet, although he was not conscious of being known to the girl

who, it seemed to him, must have recognised in his, a face with which she was familiar. Lizzy Grady was a little more than fifteen years of age, though from her height and fulness of figure, one could believe that she was turned of seventeen. She would have been considered pretty by any connoisseur in female charms, and enjoyed in her immediate neighborhood, a high reputation for beauty. Her hair was black—her skin fair—and there was a general harmony in her well-made features, that entitled her to the universal admiration which she excited. She was exceedingly amiable, and there was a remarkable softness in her disposition, that rendered her unfit for the rough society in which she moved. She had been taught to read and write, which constituted the whole of her education; although the former of these accomplishments had been of little use to her, in consequence of a want of books.

While Henry paused in a musing attitude, thinking more of the notice which Lizzy had taken of him, than the circumstance warranted, the men, headed by Marriner, proceeded down stairs, leaving him and Captain H—— to bring up the rear. The moment they had disappeared, the girl again entered by a side door, and beckoned Henry to follow her. Surprised at this, he requested his friend to wait until he should ascertain what she had to say to him, and then went into an adjoining room, where Lizzy, apparently ashamed of her boldness, stopped, cast down her eyes, and appeared afraid to speak

“You have requested me to come hither, my

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good girl," said Henry, in a kindly tone; "what is it you wish to say to me?"

"Oh sir, you will think me so bold," replied Lizzy, still keeping her eyes on the floor; "but it was for your own good, Mr. Carleton"—

"You know me then!" exclaimed Henry.

"I do," replied the girl, now gathering a little courage, and venturing for an instant to look him in the face; "and seeing by your dress that you do not wish to be known, I thought it right before you go, to tell you"—

"To tell me what?" demanded Henry, perceiving that she hesitated.

"That you had better not go with those men to night," replied Lizzy.

"Is that all, pray?" said Henry, taking a step or two towards the door; "perhaps I am the best judge of what I ought to do. Give me your reason, if you please, and do it quickly, for I am in a hurry."

"Because that man will lead you into danger," said Lizzy, blushing and stammering, as if she were conscious of having undertaken a task she was unable to perform; "he is not the person who—but you can do as you like, sir."

"Certainly, my good girl," observed Henry, not a little surprised at her manner; "but how does my safety interest you?"

"Oh I—I do not know sir—I did not say so—but I thought that—as you are a gentleman, and not used to the like of Captain Marriner, it would be right in me to—to—"

"To warn me against such association, you would say," observed Henry smiling.

"Ye—yes sir," replied the girl still blushing to the eyes; "for he's always in some scrape, and thinks nothing of doing wrong—at least what you would call wrong."

"Well I thank you," said Henry, "for the friendly interest you manifest, but I must tell you that I know the man's character, and am perfectly acquainted with the nature of the business in which I am now engaged. I do not wish, however, as you have correctly surmised, to be known as having any thing to do with to-night's adventure; and would thank you not to mention that you have seen me here."

"Of course I will not," said Lizzy; "but somebody else will."

"Whom do you refer to?" demanded Henry.

"There was a man here a few minutes ago, who knew you, and said he meant to keep his eye on you, and find out what you are about to-night. His name," continued the girl, after some hesitation which Henry could not account for, "is Fowle."

"Fowle?—I know no person of that name. What can he mean by watching me?"

"I hardly know, sir," replied Lizzy; "but—it may be because he is thought to be against the Whigs at heart."

"Well, it matters not," said Henry; "time presses and I must leave you. You are a very good girl to give me this information, and if you can influence

this Fowle to keep silence respecting me, you will lay me under great obligations. Good night."

Although Lizzy was a stranger to Henry Carleton, she had known him since his return from college. It happened a few months previously that her father, while walking in the streets, was run against by a horse and vehicle belonging to Mr. Ralph Carleton, and so severely injured that his life was thought to be in great danger for several days. Henry and his father exerted themselves to alleviate his sufferings, sent their own surgeon to attend him, and, until he was considered convalescent, called frequently at his house to inquire about him. On several of these occasions, Lizzy saw Henry, observed his solicitude about her parent, and felt deeply grateful for his attentions and those of his father. This feeling, if there were no other, was sufficient to account for her determination to warn him against any connection with Marriner, whose character she perfectly understood, and whom she knew to be constantly engaged in enterprises of a most dangerous and not very reputable description. The young man of whom she spoke was the most importunate of her numerous admirers, and sought her hand with a degree of assiduity that tormented her beyond measure. Her frequent allusions to Henry Carleton in their conversations, had led him to believe that that young gentleman formed the only obstacle to the fulfilment of his hopes; and hence arose that feeling of jealousy, which prompted him to declare his intention of playing the spy upon Henry's actions, in order to bring him, if possible, into trouble.

CHAPTER V.

THE evening was clear and cloudless, with just breeze enough to impart a delightful freshness to the atmosphere which, during the day, had been sultry in the extreme. The surface of the water sparkled as it glided with the receding tide towards the sea; yet near to the quays, the river was left in deep shadow by the moon, which had yet a full hour before it would sink behind the blue hills of Jersey. There was sufficient light, however, to afford a dim view of the bay, of the islets, and of the distant shore of Long Island, whose high banks from Gowanus to the Wallabout, were then, for the most part, green fields studded with trees, which have since given place to a growing and populous town. Brooklyn, then but an inconsiderable village, yet an embryo city, was luminous with a thousand lights beaming from her hills; while a low but confused sound could be distinctly heard, like that arising from a distant multitude indulging in unrestrained mirth.

In the river, nearer to the eastern than to the western side, lay the man-of-war Asia, and not far astern was the small craft—the object sought by our gallant band. They were both riding quietly at anchor, one sufficiently powerful with her ninety

guns to resist any vessel then possessed by the Colonies; the other perfectly safe, in the opinion of her unsuspecting crew, under the protection of her majestic neighbor and friend.

The little party having seated themselves in their boat, pulled away with muffled oars towards a point of land that lay within sight of the vessels, keeping in the shadow of the land, and preserving an unbroken silence. Having reached the spot, they secured their boat, and threw themselves behind some rocks upon the sand, to await the going down of the moon. Here the facetious Marriner amused his companions with a relation of his numerous adventures among the Tories—a class which he so much disliked, as to consider it a service to Heaven as well as to the state, to spoil them of their last farthing. He lit his pipe and seated himself upon a large flat stone, Captain H—— and Henry on one side, and the men on the other, all attentive listeners to the stories with which he entertained them. Among these little histories of his marauding expeditions, was one which it may be worth while to relate, in order to show the character of the warfare which he and others of his stamp, carried on for the benefit of the state in general, and of themselves in particular.

“On another occasion,” he continued, after relating an anecdote which made the men laugh immoderately, and forced a smile from Henry in spite of the contempt which he could not but feel for Marriner, “I thought I would pay a visit to my friend Colonel Baker of Flatlands. The Colonel

was rich, and happening at that time to be in want of money, I concluded that it would do him no harm to borrow a little of his surplus funds. Of course I expected to refund the money at my earliest convenience, but, to tell the truth, I did not mean to put myself much out of the way. Well, we landed on the shore one unpleasant night, and took our way to the Colonel's house. The weather was rainy and chilly, and we got wet to the skin, which put some of my fellows in a testy humor. On arriving at the house, we found the family had retired. The doors and windows were all secured, and I thought we should be compelled to force an entrance. I knocked with the blade of my cutlass against the door, but no answer was returned. I repeated the summons several times with no better success. At length, however, the brave Colonel opened one of the windows very cautiously, and putting his nose and one eye on the outside, demanded who we were, and what we wanted. I told him we were a few travellers who had lost our way, and wished to obtain lodgings for the night. I knew he would not believe me, but I perceived that he was prodigiously frightened, and I wanted to put my men in good humor, and enjoy a little fun before going to work. He replied that there was a public house within a mile, where I might procure accommodations for myself and friends; and that he was exceedingly sorry he could not entertain us, in consequence of his rooms being all occupied by visitors. I strongly suspected that this was a lie, although the Colonel was considered a

man of truth, and was one of the strictest members of the church. There are times, however, when the best of us will fib a little, especially when our lives and money are in danger. I forgave the Colonel, knowing that better men had done worse. I then told him that I would ask no more than simply to be permitted to lie on the floor, since he could not give us beds; but to this he objected on the ground that his hospitable feelings would not allow him to lodge gentlemen in so shabby a manner.

“Finding the crafty fox would not admit us, I told him in plain terms who we were, and what our object was. The Tory did not need this information, for he knew from the first that we were not what we pretended to be. After some further parleying, finding he was about to draw in his head, I suddenly seized the shutter, jerked it from his hands, and thus obtained free passage into the house. Baker begged hard, offered us some money if we would depart, and trembled like an aspen leaf through fear. At first he refused to disclose where his money was, but, at length, after some rough handling, he conducted us to the place in which it was concealed. There we found two well-filled bags, which, with some silver, I appropriated to myself. Having obtained all we expected, and in possession of the two bags, which were as much as I could conveniently carry, I ordered Colonel Baker to summon his slaves and accompany us to our boat. He had two stout negroes, who, with their master, were soon in readiness to go with us. To this the colonel objected, but

I forced him to obey, and so carried off both him and his two slaves.

"On the following day, while we were sailing up the Raritan, I brought out the silver I had seized, together with the bags of money. The former was of some value, but the cash was what I chiefly prized; for, at that time, as I before remarked, it was a scarce article with me. Wishing to ascertain how many guineas the bags contained, and having nothing else to do, I determined to count them. So I undid the strings, which were carefully tied round the necks of the little sacks, and poured the contents into the crown of my hat. Now what do you think they were?"

"Guineas, of course," replied Captain H——.

"Half-pennies, every one of them, or I'm no sailor," replied Marriner. "Well, as you may suppose, I was mad enough to throw the colonel overboard, and I actually rose for that purpose, when the thought struck me, that if my prisoner really had gold in his possession, I might obtain it by compelling him to ransom himself and negroes. So I spared him, and took him to New Brunswick, where I succeeded to my wish. He paid the price, and I sent him home on parole. The half-pennies belonged to the church at Flatlands."*

When the moon had gone down, Captain H—— ordered the party to take their places in the boat,

* This feat is ascribed by Mr. Thompson in his entertaining history of Long Island, on the authority of General Johnson, to Captain Hyler—a man very similar in his habits and character to Marriner.

which they did with alacrity, having been impatient of the unavoidable delay. He directed a strict silence to be preserved, and no shot to be fired till he should give the word. This was absolutely necessary, in order to conceal the attack from the *Asia*, which lay so near that effectual aid might, in a few moments, have been rendered. They approached the sloop from behind, as noiselessly as possible, and when within a few feet of the stern, they easily distinguished through the cabin-windows, which were open, four men intently engaged at a game of cards. Marriner could not resist the temptation to make a witty remark or two, in an under tone, as he saw the crew unconscious of danger, and indulging their propensity to play, when one of them, at least, should have been keeping watch on deck.

They rowed along the starboard side of the vessel, and having discovered that the coast was clear, Marriner advised that one of them should immediately cut the cable, so that the tide might forthwith carry the vessel beyond the reach of any assistance that the tumult might call from the *Asia*. This was instantly agreed to on the part of Captain H——, who knew nothing of the management of watercraft, and readily adopted the advice of Marriner, whose experience in such matters rendered him a good adviser. An axe was therefore placed into the hands of one of the party, with directions to sever the cable as soon as possible, and after that to prepare for getting sail upon the sloop at the earliest moment practicable.

These directions being given, they came along-

side, when Henry, with cutlass in hand, followed by Captain H——, Marriner, and the others, sprang on board. At the next moment the little band, headed by their leader, proceeded on tiptoe towards the cabin door (which was close to the stern), with the design of closing it upon the crew, and thus securing the prize without striking a blow. They had gone but a few steps, however, when a man armed with a cutlass issued from the cabin, and, discovering that the deck was in possession of the enemy, immediately sounded the alarm to his fellows below. Captain H—— at this moment rushed upon him, while Henry and Marriner ran towards the door with a view to prevent the others from coming up. In this they were disappointed, for four men gained the deck before their egress could be opposed, and immediately gave battle to the attacking party. The foremost man was struck down by Henry Carleton, and the second, who had his cutlass raised in the act to strike Marriner, stumbled over his prostrate companion, and fell on the taffrail, and thence into the water. Henry and Marriner followed up their first success by attacking those that remained; but their progress was checked by the brave fellows, who fought desperately, and with the apparent determination of redeeming their culpable negligence, by a most gallant and effectual resistance.

Meanwhile Captain H—— soon discovered that the athletic and courageous man whom he had encountered, was more than his match, even if he had not been assisted by three others of equal size and strength. These three made eight in all—that being

the number then on board, although, as we have remarked, only four of them had been seen through the cabin windows. Captain H—— aimed a heavy blow at his opponent, which was successfully avoided, and before he could repeat the effort, one of his own men sprang between them, at the same time dealing the British sailor such a stroke as laid him almost lifeless upon the deck. The others on the same side of the companion-way, seeing their comrade fall, gave way, but continued to defend themselves gallantly, while they slowly yielded the ground to their assailants. In the fray Henry received a cut on the left arm; but that circumstance did not cause him to relax his exertions in the slightest degree. In the excitement of the moment, he laid about him with great vigor, but almost every blow was so skillfully parried or evaded, that fewer wounds were received by the brave defenders than might have been expected. He followed up the retreating foe till it was discovered that Captain H—— and Mariner, on the larboard side, were giving way before the resolute men who opposed them; when the others, inspirited by the success of their companions, rallied, made a tremendous onset upon Henry and his men, and compelled them to retire.

The attacking party was now in a fair way of being driven to their boat. Captain H—— had been struck with the flat side of a cutlass, which fortunately did little injury, though it gave him for a few minutes intense pain; and Mariner had received a blow on his head which brought him down, and would have finished him, but for a sudden move-

ment, which caused the weapon to strike obliquely and glance, severely wounding one of the men in his shoulder.

The sloop's crew continued to drive their assailants before them, till they reached the midship, when the latter, encouraged by the voice of Captain H——, once more renewed the attack with great vigor, and soon turned the scale in their favor. The crew again retreated slowly towards the stern, giving and receiving wounds that soon covered both the belligerent parties with gore. At this moment one of Captain H——'s men was attacked in the rear by the man who had fallen overboard, and received a blow on the back of his head, which laid him dead upon the deck. Fortunately Marriner saw the danger behind him in time to avert its effects upon himself. Turning suddenly, he dealt the man a stroke that sent him a second time into the water, when he sank and was seen no more.

When the crew reached the companion-way, finding themselves unable to make a longer defence, they took shelter in the cabin, and were there confined by the victorious Americans. No sooner, however, had they gone down, than a loud shout was heard from the cabin windows, accompanied by the reports of two pistols, intended to alarm the Asia and procure aid. The shouting, which was continued for some minutes, was at length answered from the ship. Marriner, not slow to perceive the approaching danger, instantly hastened with the men to put some sail upon the sloop. The cable had already been cut, and she was fast ebbing away

with the tide. A few moments, if properly improved, would place the vessel beyond the hazard of re-capture; but the halyards were found to be so entangled, that in the hurry and darkness of the moment, it was difficult to use them. Marriner ran to the stern of the sloop, which had swung round towards the Asia, and distinctly heard the sound of oars, though he could not descry the boat which approached them. He did not question, however, that it came from the ship, and fully realizing their danger, hastened back to assist in hoisting the main sheet. The jib was already up, and a man stationed at the helm to keep the vessel's head towards the city. The breeze, which had freshened a little, sent her ahead, and when the mainsail was also up, she acquired sufficient speed to afford the hope that escape with the prize was not impossible. The boat evidently gained upon them—so at least thought Marriner, who took his station near the helmsman, and listened with intense anxiety to the noise of the oars, by which alone he could judge of the distance. The men in the cabin, having perceived that assistance had been despatched from the Asia, occasionally cheered from the windows of the cabin, and evidently felt tolerably sure of being rescued from their unpleasant predicament.

At length Marriner was able to descry their pursuers about three hundred yards astern. He then went forward to consult with Captain H—— upon the course to be pursued in the event of their being unable to escape. Captain H—— thought that the prize should not be surrendered without an effort;

but Marriner was of opinion that the men were not in a condition to defend it with any hope of success. He thought the risk of being themselves captured was, under the circumstances, too great to warrant their opposing the Asia's men.

While they were hurriedly discussing this matter, the discovery was made that their boat had been sent adrift, probably by the man who had been knocked overboard; consequently there was no alternative but to escape with the sloop if possible, or to defend themselves in case they were overtaken. All the sail that could be spread was sent up, and a pair of sweeps, by order of Marriner, was faithfully plied by the few men who were able to perform the duty. In a short time it was ascertained that the distance between them and their pursuers had not been much diminished, and strong hopes were now entertained that escape was within their power. Marriner cheered his men at the oars, and occasionally lent the strength of his own brawny arms to that laborious task. The vessel having now reached the middle of the river, had the full force of a strong tide, which carried her down at a most rapid rate. In addition to this, the wind had somewhat increased, and although only in a slight degree, yet sufficiently to drive the sloop towards the lower point of the city with such speed as ensured the safety of the captors and their valuable prize.

Once more Captain H—— and Marriner went to the stern to ascertain their distance from the Asia's boat, and heard only a few faint strokes of the oars;

when all became silent, and left them with the pleasing conviction that pursuit had been suspended.

In a few minutes the prize was safely moored. Captain H—— having despatched a messenger for a guard, expressed his determination to remain on board till it should arrive; while Carleton, after tying a handkerchief round his wounded arm, and promising to see his friend on the following day, made the best of his way home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE streets were dark and deserted, for the time was past midnight and few were abroad. A solitary straggler might occasionally be seen wending his way homeward from some obscure tavern, but Henry had no fears of meeting, at so unseasonable an hour, any person to whom he was known.

As he left the wharf and turned into the broad avenue in which his residence stood, his feelings began to assume an unpleasant character. The excitement had in a great measure subsided, and although he felt a certain degree of exultation in the success to which he had so materially contributed, yet he could not help anticipating, with something like dread, the displeasure of his father. To conceal his participation in the night's adventure, he saw was impossible; for, although he might regain his own room without his absence being discovered, his wound would call for an explanation, which could not be easily evaded. His frank and fearless disposition would not allow him to assign any other than the true cause of his mishap, and the alternatives presented to him were, either to decline saying any thing on the subject, or to make true answers to such questions as should be put to him. The former of these, he foresaw, would

hardly avail him, since the moment it should become known that Captain H—— had commanded the expedition, Henry's father, with the knowledge that his son had been wounded, could not fail to suspect that he had made one of the party who captured the sloop. Such a suspicion crossing the mind of Mr. Carleton, would of course induce him to interrogate Henry upon the subject. To this question there could be but one answer.

Having turned these things in his mind, Henry determined to make no effort to conceal the fact of his participation in the expedition; but to confess candidly that he had assisted in taking from the enemies of his country such things as were sorely needed by the American army. The consequences of such a confession he could easily foresee, but circumstanced as he now found himself, the best thing he could do was to prepare for the worst.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Henry regained his solitary chamber. He felt little disposed to sleep, for his wound was painful, and the great excitement he had experienced, added to the effects of violent and long-continued exercise—to say nothing of the unquiet state of his mind—deprived him of all inclination to repose. He proceeded to wash and dress his wound, and having done this to the best of his ability, he put on his dressing-gown, and threw himself upon a settee. There he indulged in those vague dreams which, whether they arose from feelings of patriotism or ambition, or from both combined, had of late occu-

pied his mind to the exclusion of almost every other subject of thought.

Ambition, as it is one of the strongest passions that stir the human heart, so it is one of the most constant in its action. Love, which for a season exercises such control over the mind, may become cool, and finally extinguished, never to be rekindled; ambition seldom loses its energy, but continues to excite us to unremitting exertion in the compassing of our purposes. It is of all our desires the one that, when successful, brings us the least true enjoyment; indeed, when inordinate, it is one of the greatest foes to human happiness, although it may be united to a genius that accomplishes, under its impulse, the highest and most glorious objects. The reason probably is, that it is never satiated, but continues with every achievement to increase in power and intensity, till the mind which is subjected to its influence becomes doomed, like Sisyphus, to ceaseless and unprofitable labor. Was there ever an ambitious scholar who was satisfied with his acquisitions in science, and, contented with what he had done, sat himself down to enjoy the admiration with which he was regarded? Was there ever an ambitious warrior who desired no further conquests, and rested from his labors with a quiet soul? Why was Cæsar, when he obtained the mastery of the world, unwilling to rest upon the laurels he had won? and why did the victorious Macedonian lament that nothing remained for him to conquer? or Napoleon—the greatest of them all—pursue his gigantic schemes, till the most brilliant success that ever dazzled the

world, terminated in ruin—hopeless and irretrievable ruin? It is because there is a principle in ambition which perpetuates it, and causes it to increase even in the fruition of its object.

Yet what a noble impulse is ambition, and how productive of the great and glorious deeds that render immortal the artist, the poet, the statesman, and the soldier! How barren would be the records of the human race, of all that raises our admiration and excites our wonder, but for that godlike feeling—ambition! How little would there be to gratify the eye of taste on the face of this beautiful earth; how little to please in the actions of men; how dull, spiritless, and without end or aim would be the life of man, but for ambition! Yet how fruitful of evil is this same origin of all that is great and noble!

How many praiseworthy deeds that have been ascribed to pure patriotism, were prompted by ambition alone? Even among the heroes of the Revolution, whose love of country was apparently unalloyed by any less worthy feeling, there were doubtless many who, if their motives could have been analysed, would have been found to act solely under the desire of self-aggrandizement. Certainly there were those who had but one object in view—the good of their country—and among the number must of course be included the immortal Washington, whose patriotism it would be almost impious to call in question.

In what class should the hero of our tale be ranked?—and what was the predominating feeling

in his bosom as he sat in his dark and silent chamber, pondering the past, the present, and the future? We have said that the wrongs inflicted on the colonies first aroused his indignation, and rendered him hostile to Britain; but it cannot be denied that he was ambitious of acquiring a reputation that should descend to posterity in the records of the struggle. He was familiar with the history of antiquity—he had always loved to contemplate the achievements of the ancient warriors, particularly those of Greece and of Rome; and he had long cherished the hope that fortune might enable him, too, to inscribe his own among that list of names whose fame decays not with the lapse of time. It was not, therefore, patriotism alone, nor yet ambition, that made him sigh for a conspicuous part in the great drama; but both conjoined, forming one intense feeling that took possession of his bosom, and rendered him indifferent to, and almost thoughtless of, every thing but the war.

As he sat in his lonely chamber, reflecting upon the events of the evening, his mind naturally turned from the past to the future. If he thought of the wrongs which his country had endured, before she took up arms to vindicate her rights, and felt indignant at the tyranny which had driven her to such a course; he did not fail to consider also, that the path to glory lay open before him, and that he had only to connect himself with the events which were in the womb of futurity, to acquire all the fame that the most ambitious could desire. He saw that the path was rough and difficult, hedged

on every side with a wilderness of thorns;—he saw that every species of privation, cold, hunger, danger, if not death, were the portion of those who should tread therein;—he fully realised the uncertainty attending the glorious struggle, and the probability that it might end in defeat, ruin, and shame—but he was, nevertheless, willing to endure everything—to take all risks for the sake of his country and for the brilliant reputation which *might* be rewarded.

Still Henry was undecided as to his future conduct. He could not make up his mind to act in opposition to the wishes of his father, so far as express any determination to come out openly in support of the American cause; but he thought not unlikely that ere long he might consider it imperative duty to do so, even at the hazard of sacrificing his father's favor and friendship. That he knew, would cost him a severe trial; for he was a son more devotedly attached to a parent every way worthy of his children's respect and love.—Having dwelt upon the absorbing subject till the gray of dawn began to be visible in the east, he threw himself on the bed, and in a few moments was soundly asleep.

The next morning he arose and threw open the shutters, to admit the sun which had already arisen far above the horizon. The sky was deep blue and cloudless, and, without being cool, there was a certain freshness in the air, characteristic of the season in the northern states. The leaves of the trees which shaded his window, had not

put on their autumnal hue, and the flowers that adorned the parterre below him, and which had experienced the careful guardianship of his fair sister, gave to the early breeze a delightful fragrance. The waters of the bay, a glimpse of which could then be caught from his window, were blue as the sky that bent over them; and the hills beyond were darkly green in their garniture of woods, as in the full flush of summer. It was one of those bright and joyous mornings which seem to re-invigorate the spirit as well as the body, and which send a thrill of rapture through the soul, as we look abroad on the face of nature, smiling under the beams of an unobscured sun.

Henry dressed himself and sallied into the street, to enjoy, as was his custom, a short walk before breakfast. He strolled in the direction of the river, and soon found himself near the English sloop. Already the news of the capture had spread, and many people were gathering about her, to learn the particulars, and see the evidences of the fight which had in many places stained the decks with blood. He soon discovered from the conversation of those around him, that it was generally known who had commanded the captors; but he did not hear his own name mentioned, which led him to believe that his connection with the affair, was still a secret.

He had not been long near the crowd, before a tap on the shoulder discovered to him the presence of Marriner. Carleton's first thought was to leave that worthy, but a moment's reflection showed him the folly of making an enemy of the man, when

a little conversation might preserve him as a friend. He knew him to be one whose enmity at such times is not to be despised.

"Good morning to you, my young warrior," commenced that lively individual, setting his hat on one side of his head, and looking with a rather comical expression into Henry's face; "how do you feel after last night's work?"

"Pretty well, thank you," replied Henry, "excepting that an unlucky gash which I received in the arm, gives me some pain."

"That's a trifle," said Marriner; "in a week your arm will be better than ever. You made a capital commencement last night, Mr. Carleton. Don't mean to flatter, but I must say that, for a man who had never been in a scratch before, you did wonders. Pity you don't belong to the army, sir, or at least to a little band like mine—devilish pity. You would do honor to our profession."

"You think then I might be of use, if I were attached to the army?" said Henry, with an air of abstraction; for his mind was so intent upon other matters, that he could scarcely bring himself to listen to the captain.

"Think so? I know it," replied Marriner, thrusting both hands into his breeches pockets; "I know it, my good friend, and there's where every able-bodied man like you ought to be, in times like these. Why, I could no more exist without having a fight with those infernal Tories (I beg pardon, sir, your father is a Tory), at least once a fortnight, than I could live without eating. It's meat, water, clothing,

in short, it's everything to me, except brandy, and nothing is a substitute for that, unless it be first rate rum."

"You appear to hate our enemies most heartily," said Henry smiling; "pray, why do you not join the army?"

"Because," replied Marriner, "I can do better fighting on my own hook, as the saying is. I can serve the cause quite as well, and my pockets much better. When I make a campaign, such as that I told you of last night, I compel the enemy to pay all expenses. Now it frequently happens through some mistake of mine in the estimate, that he pays more than the actual cost of the campaign—which leaves me a surplus to wipe out my score at Grady's, or to lay up against a rainy day. There's an advantage, sir, in carrying on the war by one's self—a decided advantage. Still I should advise you to join the army, because it's thought to be more respectable. You may then fight, rob, burn, and destroy, as much as you please, and you will be less likely to be called a rogue, than if, like me, you were to do the same thing without authority, with half a dozen brave fellows at your side, acting under your command."

"Did you remain on board the sloop all night?" demanded Henry.

"Bless your soul, no!" replied Marriner; "I waited with the captain (brave chap that—one of Knowlton's Rangers I believe) till the guard arrived, and then I marched up to Grady's as quick as my legs could carry me, had a bowl of toddy made

strong enough to float a seventy-four, and there sat till broad daylight scheming for the future."

"Why you show no signs of fatigue or want of sleep," said Carleton.

"Not I, faith," observed Marriner; "a little exercise like that of last night, just serves to keep n from getting drowsy—and as to a want of sleep, t old fighting cock like me don't turn pale with s ting up one night. Why, man, I could go a we without closing my eyes, and look as blooming the end of the time, as young Lizzy Grady w appears to be so fond of you."

"Of me?" demanded Henry with astonishmer "you are joking my good sir."

"Ay, of you," replied Marriner; "but now think of it, what could have possessed that Fow to blow you?"

"Has he done so, think you?" asked Henry.

"I think he has," replied Marriner; "for as was coming out of the house this morning, I m him going in, when he stopped me to inquire abo last night's work. How he came to know an thing of it, is more than I can tell; but he said tl sloop had been captured by Captain H——, m and others, and named you particularly as one the party. I pretended ignorance, but it would? do. He said, moreover, that he had already infor ed-your father. The truth is, the rascal is in lov with Lizzy Grady, and I'm a little suspicious th he is jealous of you, though why he should b Heaven only knows. Besides, I believe he is Tory at heart. He pretends to be a Whig, know

ing that old Grady would give him his walking ticket if he was openly opposed to us."

Here Marriner discovered one of his acquaintance, and, bidding Carleton good morning, left him, but not without expressing the hope that they should soon meet again.

Henry, having made up his mind that an explanation to his father concerning the origin of the wound, was inevitable, felt no uneasiness at the intelligence just communicated to him. On his way home, he thought only of Lizzy Grady in connection with the suspicion expressed by Marriner—a suspicion to which her conduct on the preceding evening, gave some coloring of probability. He was unconscious however, of ever having seen her but once, yet he recollected to have been two or three times admitted to the house on occasions before referred to, by a young female who seemed to vanish the moment he entered the door. It was her timidity, doubtless, that induced her to withdraw herself from sight, and prevented his taking the notice of her that her charms were well calculated to attract. He now remembered that she was very beautiful and modest; and the idea of being beloved even by one so much his inferior, was rather pleasing to him than otherwise, at the same time that he felt a degree of pity for the hopelessness of her love. We will not say that he did not secretly wish to see and converse with Lizzy once more, though we are sure that no unworthy thought in reference to her, ever entered his mind.

He felt the interest in her generally excited by those who have in any way flattered our vanity.

Henry went into the drawing-room, and took up a book which he continued to read till the hour of breakfast. Mr. Ralph Carleton, contrary to his usual practice, had risen very early and gone out; but of this circumstance Henry was not aware, till he heard him enter the door and pass into the library. He was now convinced that Fowle had been in communication with him, and that Mr. Carleton's very early rising was the consequence of information received from that individual.

When Henry was called to breakfast, he found the family already seated at table. His mother and sister who were ignorant of what had occurred, received him as usual, but both of them almost at the same instant remarked that he looked somewhat paler than ordinary, and inquired whether he was not ill. He replied with as much coolness as he could command, that he was perfectly well, and, at the same moment, caught the piercing black eye of his father, who regarded him with a degree of sternness, which sufficiently manifested the state of his feelings. Henry quailed beneath his glance, for he felt guilty, although there was nothing in his conduct which he disapproved or regretted, excepting that it was not in accordance with the known wishes of his parent. He knew that in disobeying him, he had served his country, the claims of which are, perhaps, paramount even to those of a father.

Henry remained silent, and Mr. Carleton ate his breakfast without speaking a word. Grace soon

perceived that something had happened, and she sat playing with her spoon, glancing first at her brother, then at her father, and then at her mother, as if to ask an explanation of conduct so extraordinary. The old lady, equally astonished, and equally unenlightened as to the cause of her husband's silence and soberness, found herself suddenly without an appetite; and did little else than look about her with an expression that betrayed both surprise and alarm.—

The painful repast being ended, Grace and her mother withdrew, when Mr. Carleton rose and requested Henry to follow him into the library. This the latter did most willingly, for he was anxious to bring matters to a crisis, that he might know the worst that was to happen to him, in consequence of his disobedience. On no previous occasion had he seen his father's countenance wear so stern an aspect, as it did during that short meal; and knowing him to be a man of great decision and energy of character, when circumstances called for a display of those valuable qualities, he had reason to apprehend that his displeasure was about to show itself in some disagreeable manner.

We have before remarked that Mr. Carleton was a mild and amiable man—one not easily moved by questions that ordinarily excite the deepest interest in the minds of other men. Even-tempered as he generally was, he possessed a strength and depth of feeling scarcely known even to his most intimate friends. The occasions had been very rare that

developed the full force of his character, yet he had more than once made it quite apparent to some who knew him but superficially, that if he was amiable and courteous man, he was, nevertheless, one with whom it would be dangerous to trifle. He had the most rigid notions of duty, and exacted a proper degree of respect from those around him, and particularly from the members of his own household. He regarded the strictest obedience to the parent on the part of the child, as a sacred and inviolable obligation; and held the slightest infraction of it as a very great sin.

Mr. Carleton took his accustomed seat, and motioned his son to take a chair near him. Henry remained silent for a few moments, during which Henry had to endure his searching gaze, he commenced speaking in a tone much milder than was expected by his self-possessed auditor. "Henry said he, 'you have gone counter to my wishes and disgraced yourself and your family, if it be true as I hear it is, that you were one of the party under Captain H—— who captured one of his Majesty's sloops last night. Speak, sir; am I rightly informed?'"

"You are, sir," replied Henry mildly but respectfully; "I was with Captain H—— on that expedition, but it was not the consequence of any solicitation on his part. I was a volunteer."

"Will you pretend to deny that you were aware when you offered your services, that you were about to commit an act which I would disapprove?"

"I must confess," replied Henry, "that I had

reason to believe it would not accord with your wishes."

"Nay, were you not absolutely sure," demanded Mr. Carleton sternly, "that in nothing were you more likely to incur my serious displeasure, than in thus acting in concert with the rebels, against his Majesty's authority?"

"I will not deny, sir," answered Henry, "that I well knew how you view the pending struggle between the mother country and her unfortunate colonies."

"Unfortunate colonies indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Carleton indignantly; "say rebellious colonies rather—colonies that deserved to be whipped into allegiance, as I trust in Heaven they will be, before the commencement of another year. Unfortunate colonies truly!—excited by a gang of discontented spirits, who would fain make sensible men believe that their rights have been invaded—a shallow plea to excuse and justify the rankest rebellion, that ever a high-minded and honorable nation was called upon to suppress. You acknowledge then, that you were fully conscious of the light in which I would view your interference. Now, sir, am I to understand from the readiness with which you appear to have engaged in this nefarious business, that hereafter my will is to be entirely disregarded by you, even in those things which so nearly concern the honor and standing of the family?"

"By no means," replied Henry; "in all important matters, I shall esteem it a privilege to be guided

by your advice, unless, indeed, I should become convinced, that my duty to my country—”

“Your duty to your country,” interrupted Mr. Carleton, “demands a course of conduct quite different from that of last night. You have committed, sir, a double sin;—you have aided and abetted disloyal subjects in their rebellion, and acted in direct opposition to the known wish of your father. And all, I suppose, to win a smile of approbation from the arch rebel, who, under the pretence of defending his country’s rights, looks only to his own aggrandizement and that of the men who employ him.”

“You are my father, sir,” observed Henry, “and I must patiently listen to what you are pleased to say; but from no other lips would I hear the Commander-in-Chief spoken of in terms such as you have seen fit to use.”

This speech, delivered with some spirit, while the blood mantled in the speaker’s cheek, excited Mr. Carleton to the highest pitch of anger; but he did not trust himself to make an immediate reply, lest he should be hurried into some impropriety of language, which he might subsequently regret. He rose from his chair and walked several times across the floor, when he sat down again, and after a few moments resumed the conversation.

“One might almost conclude, Henry,” said Mr. Carleton, in a calm and subdued tone, “that Washington holds a higher place in your estimation than your father.”

"No conclusion could be more erroneous," replied Henry.

"Yet you would follow him in his wicked career, though fortune—liberty—even life itself, might be the sacrifice. Supposing that his course were a justifiable one, how foolish would it be in you to join him now, when he has just suffered a tremendous defeat, and when his ragged Falstaff troops are daily deserting their colors, and leaving him to bear up, as he best may, against this tide of adversity. What do you hope to gain by joining such a crew of vile rebels, who, like a band of banditti, can scarcely be held together, even by the bond of common roguery? If the rebel army were successful, and on the point of accomplishing its purpose, there might be a shadow of excuse for you in thus desiring to join it in its unholy warfare; but why you should wish to involve yourself in the ruin and disgrace which most certainly await the leaders of this rebellion, is a mystery to me. Nothing short of the most complete infatuation could impel you to act so preposterously."

"I differ with you in opinion," observed Henry, "in reference to the prospects of those whom you stigmatize as rebels. True it is, that their fortunes, at the present moment, are at a very low ebb; yet, unless I am very much deceived, there is a determined spirit animating those patriots, which will ultimately cause them to triumph. Some reverses it is reasonable to look for, and he would be no accession to any cause, who is frightened at, and discouraged by, the first success of the enemy."

"And he, methinks," said Mr. Carleton, "would show but little wisdom, who should hazard his name, his fortune, and the favor of his king, by joining a sinking party at the very moment of its dissolution; for depend upon it, sir, that this same Washington whom you so much admire and reverence, will, in less than six months, be either a prisoner or a fugitive from justice."

"I hope not, sir," observed Henry calmly.

"Well, sir," resumed Mr. Carleton again becoming warm; "let me know, if you please, what your intentions are in reference to this question. If you are determined to give your support to the colonial cause in opposition to my wishes, the sooner I know it the better. I should apprise you, however, that in making yourself the enemy of Great Britain, you make an enemy of me, and of course must prepare yourself to see every dollar of the portion that would otherwise be yours, go, after my death, to your sister Grace. I will positively disinherit you the moment you join the rebels; and if in such a disgraceful service, you can find anything to compensate you for the loss of a large fortune, to say nothing of my favor, it will be more than I believe."

Here Mr. Carleton again walked several times across the apartment, and appeared to be much agitated. "I did hope, Henry," he continued after a few moment's pause, during which a tear started in his eye, "that you, at least, would never cost me a single pang. God knows I have suffered enough from the conduct of your uncle Reginald, who is now, if alive, a wandering outcast, Heaven

knows where, and a reproach to the name he bears. You probably know little of that man, as we have purposely kept you, as much as possible, in ignorance of his conduct; but if you did, I am sure you would long hesitate to take a step calculated to augment the disgrace which he has brought upon the family."

Henry was sensibly touched by the emotion exhibited by his father, and at one time was on the point of pledging himself to take no part in the unhappy struggle. He was also much surprised by the reference to his uncle Reginald, whom he had not seen for many years, and over whom there had hung a mystery, which he had never been able to penetrate. Many were the inquiries he had made concerning him, but no satisfactory answers had ever been returned.

After a little reflection, Henry concluded that he would at present make no promises; but that he would take a little more time to consider the matter, before he fully decided how to act. This he communicated to his father, and at the same time informed him of his determination to make a visit of a few weeks to their friend Mr. Stafford, who had repeatedly invited him to spend a month or two at his residence in the country.

"Do so," said Mr. Carleton; "and I hope my old friend may be able to effect a radical change in your political sentiments. He and I, it is true, have been long estranged, in consequence of his misunderstanding with Reginald; but he is, nevertheless, a well meaning man, though in some respects

a little peculiar. He is withal intelligent—one who has seen the world, and whose conversation cannot fail to be of much advantage to you. Your proposal meets my approbation. I shall, however, expect you to abstain from any participation in the war, unless it be on the side of Britain. Remember the consequences—my mind is unalterable on that point. It grieves me sorely to be obliged to menace you in this manner, but I do it to save you and your family from utter disgrace and ruin. Go now, Henry, and reflect upon what I have said. When you are ready to depart, I shall have a letter to send by you to Mr. Stafford. Till then, let us meet as if nothing had occurred.”

CHAPTER VII.

EVERY person, we presume, however cheerful and contented may be his disposition, has occasionally felt a depression of spirits under which life itself seemed to be a heavy burden that he would willingly have laid down. This often proceeds, no doubt, from a peculiarly sensitive, if not morbid, temperament; sometimes from an imperfect digestion—a fruitful source of much imaginary trouble;—and not unfrequently from outward circumstances of an afflicting character. To the last of these causes, may be ascribed the feeling which Henry Carleton experienced on quitting the library, after the painful interview with his father. He was a young man who seldom indulged in a melancholy train of thought; though sober and reserved in his deportment, he was by no means misanthropic, but decidedly inclined to take a cheerful view of life, to look upon the bright side of the picture, and to make himself and those about him, as happy as possible. He rarely allowed trifles to annoy him, and whenever his equanimity was disturbed, it very soon recovered its ordinary tone.

On the morning in question, however, he was more downcast than he had ever before been; for at no time previously, had any thing occurred so

well calculated to render him unhappy. He had been reprimanded by his father, almost for the first time in his life, and had been menaced with beggary, in the event of his pursuing the course which he considered to be the path of duty. He was stung to the quick, his pride was humbled, and he felt that he was still regarded as a boy, not yet at liberty to choose and act for himself.—He realized, too, his almost entire dependence on another for even a livelihood—a feeling that became extremely unpleasant, from the moment that his father threatened to disinherit him. What would he not have given, at that moment, to be possessed of a meagre competence! He would have been contented with the coarsest and most humble fare procured with his own means; and he would have gladly engaged to labor in any respectable calling, that he might taste the sweets of independence. For a short time after he reached his chamber, whither he went immediately after leaving his father, he experienced an indescribable sickness at heart, which had the effect to inspire him with a recklessness—a weariness of life, in which there no longer seemed to be any thing bright or beautiful. Abandoning himself to such a vein of thought, he felt totally regardless of himself or his family, and even gave expression to the wish to be separated from the latter forever.

These feelings, however, were of short duration. When their bitterness had in some degree passed away, and permitted him to reflect calmly upon what had occurred, he saw less at which he could take umbrage, than what he had at first supposed.

Then he seized his hat and sallied into the street, directing his walk towards the outskirts of the city, with the design of spending the morning in the woods and fields. A few minutes brought him within sight of the open country, which was yet darkly green and unstained by the withering touch of autumn. The sun was warm but not uncomfortable, and there was a pleasant breeze that stirred the leaves, and carried on its pinions that peculiar fragrance of the fields, so delightful to the rambler from a city. There is nothing, after all, like the bright sunshine, the pure air, and the calm beauty of the country, to quiet the disturbed mind. There in the august presence of Nature herself, we experience a subsiding of the angry waves of passion; a clearing away, as it were, of the overshadowing clouds—leaving naught but a serene blue sky above, and a carpet of green turf, and leaves, and flowers, beneath. Bitter and deeply rooted must that feeling be, which continues to rankle among the charms that everywhere present themselves in the woods, the groves, the fields, and the meadows; all so productive of pleasure both to the ear and to the eye, and so fruitful in themes for calm and instructive meditation.

He had been roaming hither and thither, with no definite object in view, for nearly two hours, amusing himself occasionally in the examination of the plants that grew by the road side, and taxing what little knowledge of botany he possessed, when the distant sound of a horse's tread caused him to look behind.—In another moment he discovered

that the horseman was Marriner, riding as if he were pursued by a hundred mounted enemies. No sooner did that individual espy Carleton, than he suddenly reined in his steed, throwing him nearly on his haunches. "Good morning to you Master Carleton," he commenced; "out to catch a mouthful of country air, I suppose. Fighting at night and gathering simples next morning, eh?—one would take you for some apothecary's boy, on a replenishing tour for the shop."

"You seem to be equally at home on horseback and on the quarter-deck, captain," observed Henry.

"Ay; I am a good enough sailor, I believe," responded Marriner, throwing his right leg over to the left side of the horse, and renewing his tobacco; "and it must be a smart nag that can put me off his hide. Land or water, boat or horse, it's all the same to me. What's new, sir?"

"Nothing that I hear," answered Henry.

"It's reported in town," said Marriner, "that the General means to abandon the city: is that true think you?"

"I have heard it so said," replied Henry.

"That looks bad," observed Marriner; "d—n my eyes if I can see the necessity. Perhaps he fears that Howe will cross above and hem him in: the General's too old a fox to be caught in such a trap. And then he can't depend upon his men—the devil catch such soldiers—they scamper like sheep the moment they smell powder. I wouldn't give my little squad for a thousand of them. I don't like this retreating though—if I was in the

General's place, Howe should not get the city without a tug."

"Well, captain," said Henry, rather impatient to resume his walk, "don't let me detain you."

"No detention upon my honor," replied Marriner; "but I see you are anxious to be going. I have a little private business on hand, that promises some fun and more profit, so I will canter away briskly. Have eighteen miles and more to ride before dinner—so good day to you. One moment if you please Mr. Carleton; I forgot to say to you that the General bade Captain H—— thank me for my assistance last night. Isn't that a feather in my cap?"

So saying, Marriner struck his horse several times, and in a few moments was out of sight.

Henry returned leisurely to the city, and just before he reached home, was overtaken by his friend Captain H—— who had been seeking him for an hour. He wished to communicate to him the pleasing intelligence, that he had very early in the morning visited head-quarters, and had an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, whom he represented as much delighted with the success of their expedition. The General had requested him to express his thanks to the little party, and given him permission to introduce his friend at any hour on that or the following day. Believing that Henry would gladly avail himself of this opportunity to become acquainted with a man so distinguished, Captain H—— had eagerly sought him out, with a view to accompany him immediately to head quar-

ters. To this Henry assented without hesitation, proud that his services had been so highly appreciated by the Commander-in-Chief, and extremely elated with the idea, that the man whom he, so much admired both as a soldier and as a gentleman, had expressed a desire that he should be presented.

After some little preparation, they set off to visit the General. They passed out of the city, keeping to the east of the large swamp which at that period covered a considerable space extending from the Hudson, but which has long since disappeared, leaving among the closely built streets that now run through the spot, scarcely a trace of its former existence. The mansion (still to be seen) which, at that time, was occupied by Washington, stood upon a hill not far from the Hudson, and commanded an extensive view of that noble stream, and of the Jersey shore. The house was of wood, but constructed with much taste, having a balcony in front supported by Ionic pillars; and was embowered in a beautiful grove of trees, which, with the pleasant and tastefully arranged grounds attached, rendered it a delightful retreat to the lover of rural life.

He who should now seek the head-quarters of Washington, would find, instead of a place such as we have attempted to describe, a house on which still linger the remains of former beauty, but which is now a mere tap-room to a deserted theatre, and surrounded by tenements and streets. Not a vestige, however, of its once cool and shady bowers is to be seen—not a tree or shrub that threw its shadow over the green lawn, has been spared by the

ruthless hand of modern improvement. The magnificent view that formerly charmed the tasteful possessor of the mansion, and attracted the admiring gaze of that illustrious man who honored the place with his presence, has been reduced to the limits of a few hundred feet, having nothing more pleasing to the eye, than what is afforded by every ordinary avenue.

Having ascertained that the General was ready to receive them, Captain H—— entered the room followed by Henry, who, although accustomed to the best society, and altogether devoid of *mauvaise honte*, felt, nevertheless, a slight degree of trepidation on approaching so distinguished a personage.— The first view he had of him, presented a tall man about forty-four years of age, seated at a table in the centre of the apartment, whereon were scattered numerous papers, which, at the moment, he was engaged in examining. His hair was powdered after the fashion of the day, and was gathered behind in a bag which rested in the usual manner on the back of his neck. He wore a blue coat faced with buff—a buff vest and breeches—white-topped boots, and gold spurs. On one corner of the table before him lay his three-cornered cocked hat, and near it, partially covered with papers, his sword and its appendages. The appearance of that renowned general and statesman, is so familiar to every American, that even a general description of his person is not deemed necessary; suffice it to say, that being but forty-four years of age, his countenance was that of a man much younger than he is represented

in most of the portraits through which he is known to the public; although it was characterized by all the firmness and decision which the pictures painted later in life display, and which he possessed in so eminent a degree.

Henry did not fail to remark, that the expression of his features was that of gravity approaching to severity. There was nothing of despondency visible there, for in the moments of his greatest trials, Washington never allowed that feeling to predominate. We have before observed, that he was at this time sorely perplexed, not only by the late success of the enemy, but with the wretched state of an army daily decreasing in number. He had near him a foe animated by recent victory, well-disciplined, well-appointed, and commanded by generals of experience and courage; while all before him was clouded by gloom and uncertainty, which scarcely permitted the hope of a more prosperous day. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulties that surrounded him, his firmness remained unshaken. Conscious of the Herculean labors that awaited him—the bare prospect of which would have discouraged most other men—he brought all the powers of his remarkable mind to the task, and never for a moment despaired of ultimate success. With a strong feeling of the great responsibility that rested upon him, and with a full appreciation of the disastrous effects of his defeat on the Island, and of the embarrassments of his situation at that time, he had sat down to write a memorial to Congress, setting forth the imperious necessity of raising an army

that would stand by him to the last. He was alone in the apartment, and thus engaged when Captain H—— and his friend entered; but the moment he perceived them, he rose with dignity, giving one hand to the captain and the other to Henry, bidding them welcome. His features relaxed into a smile, as he called the latter by name, without waiting for a formal introduction; but they soon lost that pleasing expression, there being too clouded a heart within, to admit of sunshine without. Having requested them to draw chairs, Washington resumed his seat and commenced the conversation.

"This, I presume, Captain H——, is the young gentleman of whom you spoke this morning."

"It is," replied the captain; "Mr. Carleton has eagerly availed himself of the desire you politely expressed, to have him presented."

"And I am happy," said the General, "to have the opportunity of thanking Mr. Carleton for the valuable aid he last night rendered to your party. I trust he is not severely wounded."

"My wound," replied Henry, "is by no means serious. It gives me much pleasure to find that my small assistance has met the approbation of General Washington; and I sincerely wish that I were so circumstanced, as to be able to continue the service with some advantage to the country."

"My friend," said Captain H—— "is with us in sentiment, as last night's labor sufficiently shows; but his father's feelings are enlisted on the other side, and consequently interpose an obstacle to his joining us, not easily overcome."

"I know Mr. Ralph Carleton by reputation," said Washington, "and regret that his powerful influence is exerted against us, and that his opposition to the colonial cause deprives us of the aid of his son. Far be it from me, however, to say anything with a view to encourage a violation of his wishes on the part of that son; for I hold that the will of a parent should not be disregarded by any member of his family, unless with a thorough conviction that the duty he owes to his country, is paramount to all other considerations. The state at this time has strong claims upon the services of every citizen; but in a controversy like the present, I do not censure any person for choosing that side on which he believes the *right* to lie."

"It is a subject of much regret to me," observed Henry, "that I am so situated as to be unable to contribute my services, without deeply offending my father and alienating his friendship; but I think it more than probable, disastrous as the consequences of such a course will be, that I shall ere long connect myself with the army. Nothing would afford me greater satisfaction than to make myself useful to the country, could I do so with the sanction of my father."

"We should receive you with open arms, my young friend," said Washington; "but as to the propriety of joining us under the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed, you can judge better than I. Heaven knows that we are now in sore need of all the aid our friends can render. This is truly a most gloomy period; we have suffered de-

feat where I had confidently looked for victory; our men are undisciplined and not to be relied upon; and numbers of them, as their time expires, are daily leaving us and going home. Yet unprosperous as the state of our affairs is, I do not despair; for I confidently believe that a cause like ours must find sympathy with that Being who holds the fate of nations in his hands."

During the latter part of this speech, Washington's noble brow became contracted, but the shadow was but momentary, and soon gave place to greater placidity of countenance than he had before exhibited. Not willing to trespass too long upon time so valuable, the two friends, having made a few more remarks which it is not necessary to record, rose from their seats; when the General took Henry by the hand and observed, "If we should not become fellow soldiers, my young friend, I hope when we meet again, that it will be in more peaceful times, and that we shall then be able to congratulate each other upon the success of our arms, and the discomfiture of our enemies. I would press you to remain longer with me, but the truth is, I have much on hand, as you may well suppose, that demands my attention, and compels me to sacrifice my personal gratification to the duties of my station. Allow me once more to thank you for the important service you have rendered the colonies—a service that lays me under personal obligations. Should you conclude to enter the army, please to bear in mind that a captain's commission awaits your acceptance."

Henry and his friend then took leave. During their brief visit, the former's eyes were attracted to the countenance of Washington, as if by an irresistible charm. He seemed to regard him as a superior being, on whom alone the hopes of a nation rested. Long accustomed to reverence his character as a man, and to admire him as a model to be studied and imitated, Henry, when he entered the room, felt a sensation of awe, which continued for several minutes.

On his way home, he was abstracted and thoughtful, scarcely making any replies to the occasional observations of his friend. He was occupied in reflecting upon the interview he had been honored with, and in recalling to his recollection, every word that had fallen from the lips of that illustrious soldier. During the time he was in Washington's presence, he seemed to study his features with a view of impressing them upon his memory, that their image should ever remain there fixed and indelible. As he looked on that face in which was expressed so much of intelligence, judgment, and resolution, and contemplated the extraordinary individual before him, as one on whom alone the country relied in her hour of peril—devoted to the welfare of the colonies, as if life presented to him no other object worthy of a moment's thought, he felt his patriotism kindle into a brighter and purer flame, and almost resolved that, whatever the sacrifice might be, he would disregard all other considerations, and become forthwith a soldier of the Revolution.

Having communicated to Captain H—— his intention to leave town very soon, and given him his address in the country, Henry separated from him and went immediately home. His father accosted him with a smile, and entered into conversation as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the harmony between them; while Henry, on his part, affected a cheerfulness he did not feel, and did his utmost to suppress the bitter feelings which Mr. Carleton's menace had occasioned.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE capture of the sloop soon became generally known throughout the city, and it was equally well known that Henry Carleton was one of the party under Captain H——. The Whigs, of course, rejoiced at that event, while the Tories affected to care little about a circumstance which, in truth, was very trifling, when compared with the signal victory the British had just achieved. Many of the latter, however, were thunderstruck on learning that the son of so prominent a loyalist as Mr. Ralph Carleton, had become an enemy to his Majesty; and those that met Henry on the succeeding day, manifested by their coldness of manner, the indignation they felt. Two or three of them refused to speak to him; but this gave him no concern, for he was now so enthusiastic in favor of the colonial cause, that he cared but little for the feelings and opinions of his Tory friends. He was armed with the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief, and that far more than counterbalanced the ill will he excited in the adherents of the king. He even felt a degree of pleasure in being thus treated, regarding it in the light of persecution; and he despised the truckling spirit of the Tories too much, to heed their sour looks and angry words.

On the day following his interview with Washington, while he was sitting in the parlor reading, the servant entered with a note which he had received from a person at the door. It was in a hand-writing unknown to Henry, and without a signature. In a neatly written and well worded paragraph, the writer simply requested a few moment's conversation with him on business of importance, at twelve o'clock, near a clump of oaks in a retired part of the King's Farm. Nothing was said of the nature of the business, nor was any clue afforded that would assist him even to guess at the source whence the note came. Although he rarely paid any attention to anonymous communications, yet there was something in this one which excited his curiosity, and determined him to comply with the request it contained. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, he repaired to the spot—a solitary place covered with an acre or two of copse, among which were a few oaks remarkable for their age and size. A small brooklet ran through the middle of it, coursing its devious way to the Hudson, and filling the air with the music of its ceaseless murmuring. By the side of this little stream stood a large moss-grown rock, overshadowed by a gigantic oak, which marked the precise spot where he expected to meet the writer of the note. He paused a short distance from the place, and through an opening in the copse, discovered near the rock a young man about twenty years of age, whose dress indicated a respectable rank. He was entirely unknown to Henry, and there was something in his appearance

which led him to believe that the stranger was not a resident of the city.

As Henry approached him, the gentleman bowed and lifted his hat with the air of a well bred man of the world. "Mr. Carleton, I presume," said he, as Henry stepped on the opposite side of the brook.

"That is my name," replied Henry, bowing in his turn; "and I have come hither in compliance with a request contained in this note, of which I take it for granted that you are the writer. Am I correct, sir?"

"You are," replied the stranger. "You probably think it strange, Mr. Carleton, that a person who has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, should thus presume to ask an interview with you, in a place so secluded as this. I could not, however, take the freedom of calling upon you at your own residence, on the business which, with your permission, I shall presently open to you; and no other way presented itself, than to request your presence either at a public house, or in some more retired spot. I chose the latter, and now have to thank you for thus honoring my request with a ready compliance."

"May I be favored with your name?" demanded Henry.

"Certainly," replied the gentleman; "I was about to inform you that my name is Melville. I am opposed to the stand taken by those who call themselves Whigs, and though not connected with the British army, am at present in the service of its commander."

"Pray what is the nature of the business to which you alluded?" asked Carleton with no little astonishment depicted on his countenance.

"It is currently reported," replied Mr. Melville, "and I presume the rumor is founded in truth, that you accompanied the party of rebels, (pardon the use of that word,) who last night but one, captured a sloop belonging to his Majesty. It is a matter of no little regret to General Howe, that the only son of so distinguished a loyalist as Mr. Ralph Carleton, has so far forgotten his duty to his country and to his king, as to render assistance to men who, with the most selfish and sinister views, have rebelled against the royal authority, without the remotest prospect of succeeding in their unholy efforts."

"General Howe," said Henry with a contemptuous smile, "does me honor in feeling so much concern about the conduct of an humble individual like myself."

"He regrets it," continued Mr. Melville, "because he believes the services of Mr. Carleton might be eminently useful to his Majesty's affairs in these colonies; and it pains him to find that our enemies are likely to have the benefit of talents, which, without meaning to flatter you, are, I will say, fitted to adorn a nobler cause."

"General Howe and you are pleased to overrate my abilities," said Henry with a peculiar tone, which evinced that he regarded this flattering language as designed to smooth the way for something that was to follow.

"I cannot doubt," observed Mr. Melville, "that

his estimate is a correct one; and as he entertains the hope that you have not fully decided to unite yourself to the rebel army, and that after more deliberate reflection, you will perceive how much more honorable, and in every point of view, advantageous, it will be, to enter into the service of his Majesty, he has empowered me to confer with you on the subject, and, if possible, to detach you from a cause which, ere long, must involve all its supporters in one common ruin."

"Though I feel no disposition to commence an argument with you," said Henry, "yet I must deny that it is more honorable, although it may, in some respects, be more advantageous, to serve the king; neither am I prepared to admit that the rebel cause, as you are pleased to term it, will prove the ruin of its advocates. What! is it more honorable to aid a tyrannical government in carrying out its cruel and unjustifiable measures, than to assist an injured people in opposing an invasion of their dearest rights? Is it more honorable to be instrumental in enforcing a species of slavery, than to strike a blow for freedom?—to aid a cause characterized by injustice and oppression, than to fight for the independence we have asserted, and which the world will applaud us for maintaining with the sword? Is it more honorable to assist the mother in shedding the blood of her children, than to range ourselves on the weaker side, which urges in justification of its resistance, so many weighty reasons as are set forth in the Declaration! Preposterous! Submission to legitimate power wielded for the

wellbeing of a nation, becomes an intelligent people; but it is not our duty to lick the hand that smites us, or to countenance and sustain a government in the practice of oppression the most odious and tyrannical."

"It must be conceded, I think," said Mr. Melville, unmoved by the vehemence of Henry's manner, "that England has a perfect right, after extending her powerful protection to the colonies, to look to them for pecuniary aid. In taxing them, I am not aware that she has done more than long-established usage sanctions; and the refusal on their part to pay their proportion of the expenses of the government, appears to me very much like ingratitude. The mother country, under these circumstances, is certainly justifiable in quelling, by force of arms, any insurrection growing out of this unhappy difference. The case then seems to stand thus:—The colonies refuse to pay what is properly, and under the sanction of established custom, demanded by Great Britain, in return for the protection afforded to them; they take up arms under the shallow pretence of being wronged, and, without any sufficient reason, declare themselves independent, and determined to resist the rightful authority of their sovereign. England, on the other hand, feeling that she has done nothing to justify these violent measures, undertakes to preserve her legitimate power over her American possessions. It is a painful task to her, thus to resort to force in the performance of what she considers a positive duty, especially as our friends, or rather our enemies, in this country, are

united to us by the ties of a common language and ancestry. This being the case, I conceive that I was correct in observing, that it is more honorable and praiseworthy to aid in repressing, than in sustaining, a rebellion. As to the issue of this war, I entertain no doubt. The late victory, depend upon it, is but the harbinger of still greater disasters that must very shortly overtake Washington and his army. He cannot possibly keep the field many months longer, and next spring we may reasonably look for the restoration of peace between the mother and her ungrateful daughter."

"I disagree with you," said Henry, "in the opinion that England has the right to tax the colonies without their consent. Not being represented in Parliament, and consequently having no voice in the government, they should not be subject to taxation. But, as I before remarked, I have not the time or the inclination to argue this question with you; and if I had, it would doubtless be an unprofitable effort, since both our judgments are probably unalterable. I will observe, however, that the evils we have suffered from a tyrannical government, are enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, and that he must be an ingenious man, indeed, who can bring a particle of evidence to disprove the statements therein made. My opinion is, I repeat, (and it has not been hastily formed,) that as the colonies are not represented in the national councils, and have no part or lot in the management of the national affairs, they ought not to acquiesce in the ruinous exactions of England, or any longer to suffer the

maltreatment which they have borne for a long series of years. They are, consequently, perfectly justifiable, first in opposing, *vi et armis*, the execution of her onerous enactments; and, secondly, in resisting the force sent hither to coerce them into submission. You, sir, may be confident of ultimate success on the part of Great Britain, and, to be candid, the present aspect of our condition is well calculated to inspire such a feeling; nevertheless, worse fortunes than those of the colonies, have been retrieved by judicious management, and I trust that my countrymen are destined to achieve their independence, though it may be years before we shall behold their triumph."

"It will be a long time, undoubtedly," said Mr. Melville, with a smile; "so long that neither you nor I will live to see the day. I am sorry to learn, Mr. Carleton, that you sympathize so strongly with the colonists; for I hoped, most sincerely, to find you at least open to conviction, and prepared to review the subject carefully and dispassionately."

"And supposing that you had found me in an undecided state of mind, may I ask," demanded Henry, "in what manner you expected to profit by any change your arguments might have wrought?"

"No advantage," replied Melville, "would have accrued to me personally, but the service would have been benefitted by your talents, had you deemed it expedient to accept the proposition which I am authorized to make."

"You are then empowered to bribe —"

"Nay," interrupted Mr. Melville, "call it not a

bribe, my dear sir, since it was not so intended. I was prepared, in the event of finding you undecided, to offer you a captain's commission in the British army—an offer which shows the high estimation in which you are held by General Howe, who would, if possible, deprive our enemies of so valuable an accession to their number.”

“Sir, I should perhaps return thanks to General Howe for so complimentary an overture,” said Henry; “but I reject his offer, and have no hesitation in saying, that I would rather shoulder a musket, and go into the colonial ranks as a private, than accept a much higher commission in the British army, than that which you are empowered to tender. Tell him that if Henry Carleton draws his sword at all, it will be in the cause of liberty, and not to aid a tyrant in the subjugation of a wronged and indignant people. Tell him that I have long held it as undeniably true, that no man who first drew breath within the limits of these colonies, can view this subject aright, without regarding himself as having been insulted and oppressed by the king of Great Britain—a man unfit to be the ruler of a nation of freemen, because he has shown himself to be devoid of all sense of justice, and unable to sympathize in the sufferings of his once faithful subjects. Tell him, too, that I hope, ere long, to add one to the number of his sovereign's active enemies; and that, when I go to the field, it will be with the determination not to sheath the sword, while a ray of hope exists of securing our independence. Such is my answer to your general's offer.”

"Your mind is then unalterable," said Mr. Melville.

"It is," replied Henry; "my services might be of little worth to either party; but such as they are, your General cannot obtain them."*

"Then my task is ended," said Melville, in a tone which sufficiently indicated his disappointment at the unsuccessful termination of his mission; "and I have the honor to wish you good morning."

So saying, he lifted his hat, and then disappeared among the trees, in the direction of the river, taking a path which led down the hill, parallel to the course of the brook. Henry issued from the copse, and ascending a small eminence, saw him descend to the Hudson, and enter a small barge manned by two men, who immediately pulled into the stream, and went swiftly down with the tide.

It cannot be denied, that Henry felt somewhat flattered by this attempt of the British commander, to draw him into his service, in order, doubtless, to prevent the American general from obtaining the assistance of a brave and intelligent youth, who promised to make a most valuable officer. But how came the general to know any thing of him? Who could have given him such a knowledge of his character and qualifications, as induced him to take such

* This remark will remind the reader of General Reed's answer to a lady employed by Johnstone to bribe him with an offer of £10,000 sterling, and any office in the colonies within the king's gift, to aid the royal cause. "I am not," said that incorruptible patriot, "worth purchasing; but such as I am, the king of England is not rich enough to buy me."

a step? Did he do this of his own accord, or at the instance of some one desirous of detaching Henry from the interest of the Whigs? These were questions which young Carleton frequently put to himself on his way home, but of course was unable to make satisfactory answers. It occurred to him that possibly his father was at the bottom of this; but the suspicion was but momentary, as he knew that gentleman was averse to his taking any part in the struggle, either on one side or the other. He came at length to the conclusion that General Howe, who could stand in little need of his services, had only sought to prevent their being enlisted in the colonial cause.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY determined to leave home on the following morning but one, for the Woods—the residence of Mr. Stafford. The remainder of the day was spent in making some preparations for an absence of a few weeks, and in visiting Captain H——, from whom he expected to be separated for a considerable length of time. He communicated to his friend an account of his interview with Mr. Melville, and had the pleasure of hearing him express his high gratification at the manner in which the offer had been met.

Soon after breakfast on the morning of his departure, Henry caused his horse to be brought to the door. Before he left, Grace took his arm and led him into the parlor, for the purpose of having a little private conversation with him. “Brother,” commenced the young lady, “I wish to know whether you are disposed to follow a little good advice this morning.”

“I am always ready to do that, sister,” replied Henry, smiling; “especially when it is given by so old, wise, and experienced a person as Miss Grace Carleton.”

“Nay, now you treat me, as usual, as if I were
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felt happier, or in higher spirits, than when astride of his favorite courser, dashing along the road with the impetuosity which always characterized his movements while in the saddle.

Once only he paused, and that was upon the heights below Harlem river, where he was charmed with the magnificent view which he had from that elevated position. He there remarked, for the hundredth time, the beauty of the river, whose irregular banks, covered with a mass of dense foliage, now for a short distance run parallel to each other, compressing the stream into a comparatively narrow space, and now, taking different directions, enclose a much wider sheet of water, and present points and indentations that give a most agreeable variety to every rood of the shore. From the same situation he could see that place of rocks, currents, and whirlpools, denominated Hell-gate, with its large patches of foaming waves, that indicate the spots to be avoided by the skilful navigator of the Sound. The bald rocks of that dangerous passage, washed for ages by the rapid and disturbed waters, stood up far from their bosom; and the bold shores on either side, now dotted with elegant villas, and presenting to the admiring eye green lawns, trees, and shrubbery, were dark with their woody covering, and exhibited fewer traces of wealth and taste than may be seen at the present day. The river, that came hurrying through the Gate, lashing itself into foam against the numerous obstructions in its passage, bore no craft upon its bosom, save a small boat that pursued its quiet way under the opposite

bank. As far as the eye could reach, not a sail was visible.

Henry halted for a few moments only. The clouds grew dark, and a white mist already shrouded the distant hills, warning him to make the best of his way towards the termination of his journey. His horse, too, as if he perceived that a storm was approaching, seemed impatient of the delay, and by his prancing and snorting, manifested his desire to improve the short time that might intervene before the commencement of the rain. No less desirous of escaping with a dry jacket, Henry buttoned his surtout to the chin, and slackening the rein of his steed, descended the hill on a brisk canter. A very short time sufficed to carry him over the level ground below and across the river; but he had not proceeded more than three or four miles beyond Harlem, when it began to drizzle, and at length to pour with considerable violence. The wind was directly in his face, which, of course, rendered it extremely unpleasant to breast the storm; nor did the pulling down of his hat, or the inclination of his body, prevent his being almost blinded by the driving rain. The houses were then comparatively few, and there was no place of shelter immediately at hand, unless he had sought it under one of those spreading oaks, which, at intervals, throw their gnarled and wide-reaching branches over the road. The nearest inn was yet a mile distant, and although he was certain of getting thoroughly drenched ere he could reach it, he concluded not to slacken his pace till he should find himself at the door. The

spirited Romeo needed not the spur to accelerate his speed, for the brute seemed more anxious than his master to make all the progress in his power. Laying back his ears, and availing himself of the loosened rein, he went on at a rate that would not have disgraced the fleetest racer on the turf.

The mile was very soon reduced to a few rods, and the moment he passed a short turn in the road, Henry perceived a small tavern standing some paces back, having in front of it the usual post, from which swung, creaking in the wind, a sign bearing a rude representation of King George. Whether his horse had been trained to distinguish public from private houses, we are not prepared to say; but, on this occasion, he certainly did not need the guiding hand of his master to direct him into the inn-yard, but galloped up to the porch of his own accord, as if he took it for granted that, to stop there, was a settled point with his rider. A boy of ten or twelve years of age was the only person who presented himself to take charge of the animal; but Henry, not choosing to trust Romeo with the lad, led him back into the stable, and, for the time, became his own ostler. Having taken off the saddle and bridle, and directed the youngster to employ himself in rubbing the horse dry, he went into the house, with the unpleasant prospect of being confined there for several hours at least, if not during the whole day.

This tavern resembled those that may be seen in almost every inconsiderable village in America; that is to say, it was a small two-story house of a rude description, with a wooden porch extending

the whole length, supporting a roof that projected above the lower windows. Half the house was occupied by the family of the keeper, and the remainder was a bar-room, which was rarely, in dry, and never in wet weather, without the presence of two or three of those rum-drinking vagabonds that usually infest such places.

When Henry entered, he perceived in various parts of the room, four or five of those characters in different stages of intoxication, all talking at once, and making a most disagreeable clamor. There was a strong smell of tobacco-smoke, which was extremely offensive to him, and which he foresaw he should probably have to endure while he remained there, since the weather caused those gentlemen to be perfectly at leisure to afford him the nuisance of their society, during the whole of his sojourn. In one corner of the room, behind the bar, was the proprietor of the house, who knew his own interest sufficiently well, to make some show of civility, by requesting one of the rough gentry to vacate a rickety chair, in which he sat lounging, with his feet resting upon a neighboring table.—The fellow rose sulkily, eyeing Henry with little favor, and sending a puff of tobacco-smoke into his face; while the others, amused by the circumstance, burst into a loud laugh. Henry quietly took possession of the chair, and endured their stare of curiosity, unconcerned by the general disposition manifested to make him the subject of a little fun.

He had not been long in this miserable place, when two mounted men came dashing through the

rain and mud, and having placed their horses under a shed, added themselves to the number already assembled. Both these individuals resembled, in their attire, ordinary countrymen of the lower class; and might have been taken for drovers returning from the sale of cattle. One of them wore a brown surtout buttoned to the chin, and his cap, which was of common fur, was pulled over his brow so as to conceal the upper half of his face; while his coat-collar raised and tied with a red handkerchief, served to hide the lower part. His nose, and a small part about the eyes were all that could be seen of his face; nor did he alter the disposition of the covering, so as to make a more liberal display of his features. Having glanced round the room, and scrutinized Henry in particular, he took a seat in the darkest corner, and began to amuse himself by teasing a huge dog that lay near him.

The other person had on a large overcoat of gray cloth, considerably the worse for wear. His hat, which had a very broad brim, was of common white felt, and had a round crown, the top of which seemed to rest upon his head. He was a man about forty-five years of age, and there was something in the expression of his countenance, and in the careless ease and freedom of his manners, which immediately attracted Henry's attention, and excited his curiosity to know who and what he was. His eyes were piercingly black, his nose rather large and slightly aquiline, and his mouth, which was small and decidedly the best of his features, was garnished with full rows of white and

perfectly formed teeth. His hair was black interspersed with gray—bushy on the sides of his head and disposed to curl;—while on the top (as Henry had an opportunity of discovering) it was thin and disclosed a spot partially bald. He was, in short, a handsome man, as far as the shape and expression of his features were concerned; but there was little in his dress, or in the manner in which his person was cared for, calculated to improve his appearance. His beard was at least a week old, and his hair bore no evidence of a recent combing; although the drenching he had received, together with hard riding for several miles, was sufficient, perhaps, to account for its roughness. He wore a coarse red handkerchief tied carelessly around his neck, and the scrap of linen that peeped above its folds, was not so white as it might have been made. The color of his skin was brown and weather-beaten, excepting his high forehead, which was fair and free from wrinkles, contrasting strongly with the other parts of his face. Not the least remarkable of his features, were his eyebrows, which were large and black, shadowing a pair of eyes which, though not small, were deep-set, giving him a somewhat peculiar, though by no means a disagreeable appearance.

When these individuals were seated, the last one described called for two glasses of brandy. Both remained silent, or made short replies to the interrogatories of the inquisitive inmates of the house. Once the man in the gray coat rebuked a fellow very tartly for his impertinence, and made use of

better language than one would have expected from a person of his rough exterior. The other did not seem disposed to enter into conversation, nor did he appear perfectly at ease under the glances which he observed Henry to throw at him occasionally. Several times an angry expression rested upon his features, on observing himself to be the object of scrutiny, and at length he shifted his position, so as to bring his back towards Henry, and his face to the window. In doing this his coat parted in front, affording a glimpse of two pistols and a knife stuck under a leathern belt. This circumstance excited no surprise, since the disturbed nature of the times was a sufficient excuse for the most peaceful to carry arms, as a protection against the scoundrels that infested the country.

The conversation of the men whom Henry found in the room, soon turned upon the war, and he was not long in discovering that all of them, including the landlord, were rank Tories. One, the most noisy of them, addressed several questions to Henry on that subject, which the latter either totally disregarded, or replied to in the briefest terms. In order to avoid difficulty, he abstained from saying anything by which his sentiments could be learned; but the few remarks he made, evidently left the impression on the minds of those present, that he was no friend of the Whigs.

Finding Henry determined not to favor him with any conversation, the fellow took a fresh draught of brandy, and went towards the man in the gray coat, who now sat with his face to the window, appa-

rently amusing himself by watching the influence of the wind and rain upon the neighboring trees. "You have come from the city, I take it," said the inquisitive countryman. No answer was made to this remark by the person to whom it was addressed, but he turned his face towards his interrogator, and eyed him from head to foot with a smile of contempt. Not in the least abashed by this silent yet icy response, the man (whom the landlord called Smike) seemed determined to draw the stranger into conversation in spite of himself. The noise of all other tongues had by this time ceased, and Smike's companions listened attentively to his remarks, expecting, perhaps, or rather hoping, that he would say something that might lead to a brush between them and the two friends. Indeed they prepared themselves for such an event, as they felt that the contemptuous treatment received by their spokesman, was in some sort an insult to the whole gang. Heated with brandy, they were ripe for any thing, and by their nods and winks to one another, and to Smike, showed the feeling they entertained towards the strangers, and their desire to push matters to an unpleasant extremity. Smike, on his part, was not less ready for whatever might happen, and, putting his chair close to the side of the gray-coated man, sat down and re-commenced his observations.

"You have just come from below, I suppose, stranger," said he, thrusting a huge lump of tobacco into his mouth.

No reply was made, and, after a short pause, Smike added, in a more impatient tone, "You seem

to be in a bad humor to-day.—What the devil ails you, that you can't answer a civil question—eh?"

"He's a leetle above common people, like you and us, Smike," said one; "give him a tap with that stick of yours, and see if the fellow's got a tongue in his head."

"Yes, tickle him with it," said another; "I should like to know whether that man can talk." "I'll be hanged if I don't think he's dumb for fair," said a third; "fetch him a crack, Smike, and wake him up."

Here the landlord thought it proper to interfere, prompted less by his desire to preserve peace, than by his fears of losing two or three profitable customers. He simply requested his noisy friends to desist from troubling the gentleman, but did it in so mild a manner, that his interference operated more as an encouragement than as a restraint.

During this time, the man in the brown coat, who had a few moments before thrown himself at full length upon a long wooden bench, appeared to all but Henry to be soundly asleep. His eyes were closed, his breathing was loud, and he suffered his heavy whip to fall from his hands—thus confirming the belief that he had sunk into deep slumber. Henry's position allowed him to observe the man closely, and he soon became satisfied that the individual was not only awake, but very attentive to what was passing before him.

Smike, in obedience to the recommendation of his friends, struck a smart blow upon the stranger's shoulder with the palm of his hand, at the same

time saying, "Look here, mister, be you dumb or not?—if you an't, say so—if you be, wag your head and let us know. But by King George, if you can talk and wont, why we'll make you, that's all."

"Ay, that we will," said another; "every man that comes into this room, must show that he has a tongue in his head, and give an account of himself. Hit him again, Smike, he'll speak this time; if he don't, we'll make him squeal."

Smike needed no prompting, for another stroke, harder than the first, had already descended upon the gray-coat, accompanied by an observation similar to those already recorded. He was about to repeat the blow, when the man, who began to tire of that sort of play, and yet seemed backward to make it the subject of a quarrel, turned calmly to Smike and observed: "Stay your hand, my good friend; this may all be very pleasant to you and your brother vagabonds, but it does not suit my present humor. You must therefore keep your distance, for if you touch me again, I'll send you to —."

"Who do you call vagabonds?" demanded three or four of the boors simultaneously. "By the Lord Harry," continued Smike, pushing back his chair as if he feared the immediate execution of the threat, "the man has a tongue, sure enough, and looks as savage as a bear."

"But we're no vagabonds," said a huge fellow rising, and approaching the man who had thus wantonly injured his feelings, and reflected upon

his standing in society; "we're no vagabonds, and the man who says it is a liar and no gentleman."

"That's a fact," said another, equally wroth at being the subject of such slander; and he's a cowardly Whig or he wouldn't stand being called a liar. Knock him off the chair, Bill; you're nearest to him. If I was there, I'd do it."

Bill did not dare obey the command, but moved slowly to the other side of the room, as if he wished to place his prompter nearest the object of their fury, and thus give him the opportunity of dealing the first blow. All were upon their feet, and fully prepared for a fracas; but the only question seemed to be, who should commence it, and thus incur the risk of receiving the stranger's onset. Even the landlord shared the indignant feelings of his boisterous guests, and said but little to restrain them from open violence; nor did he make any attempt that was at all regarded, to prevent his house from becoming the scene of tumult and confusion.

Seeing that no one else was about to commit the first act of aggression, Smike, who was in truth, a man of some courage, found that it devolved upon him to avenge the insult they had received. He knew that, although none of the others was willing to take the lead, the blow once struck, he should have plenty of support; and as they were superior in numbers to the other party, even if Henry should join the weaker force, he had no fears of being able to give the two strangers a sound drubbing. All eyes were now turned to him to see what course he

would take, and having gone too far to be able, if so disposed, to retreat with credit, he had no alternative but to carry out, if possible, what he had so rashly begun. That happened to be in strict accordance with his wishes. Accordingly, walking up to the man who had stigmatized him as a vagabond, he observed:—

“You say, stranger, that I and my friends are vagabonds. Now take that back, or you get licked in little less than no time.”

“You are not only a vagabond but a scoundrel,” said Mr. Gray-coat with a fierce scowl; and I defy you and your rascally companions to do your worst. Mr. landlord, I warn you to keep these fellows quiet, or, by Heavens! it shall be the worse for you and your house. Mark my words; for, if I am disturbed by this gang of villains, you may soon have occasion to lament that you had not heeded them.”

“Do you threaten me?” demanded the innkeeper insolently; “O, ho!—well, if you talk in that style, you must look out for yourself—I’ve nothing to say. If men will call names, they must bear the consequences, that’s all.”

While the landlord was making these remarks, the stranger walked across the room towards his friend, shoving aside one or two men who stood in his way, and having raised that person’s cap and ascertained that he was not asleep, went back again to his former station. He had no sooner come within Smike’s reach, than he received a blow on the breast, which sent him back two steps.

Nothing more was needed to excite his anger against this unmannerly assailant, whom, at the next instant, he caused to measure his length upon the floor. The stroke that produced this effect, was planted between the eyes, lodging partly on the bridge of the nose, and making the blood flow in a stream from that important organ. At this moment two other men fell upon him from behind, but he shook them off with perfect ease, and became in turn the assailing party, flooring both of them before they had time to make the slightest defence. In striking the second one, however, he lost his balance, and fell upon one of the prostrate men, where he was for a short time completely at the mercy of Smike, who was now on his feet again, and ready to renew the encounter. Regardless of the pugilist's doctrine, that it is unfair to strike your antagonist while he is down, Smike with two or three others, rushed upon their fallen opponent, and would, doubtless, have inflicted upon him the most serious injury, but for the interposition of the individual in the brown coat, who suddenly fell upon them like a thunderbolt, and, in the twinkling of an eye, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. His heavy whip came down upon the head of one burly fellow, putting him *hors de combat*, while, with his huge bony fist, he sent two more reeling against the door, and thus enabled his companion to recover his upright position.

Smike was again the most unfortunate of the lot, having, by a singular chance, received another blow upon the same spot, which effectually closed one

eye, and rendered the other of scarcely any use. It served him, however, to select a corner of the room near to Henry as a place of refuge, where he hoped to be suffered to remain undisturbed. In this expectation he was much mistaken, for no sooner did the two friends find themselves side by side, than they made a furious onset upon the already discomfited party; striking one, kicking another, and stamping upon a third, who, in his efforts to escape, had fallen over a little bench. Snike was roughly hauled from his retreat, and beaten most unmercifully. He roared for quarter, but no notice was taken of his cries. The louder he bellowed, the harder were the blows, till, at length, he fell senseless upon the floor, and lay there without motion, and, apparently, without life.

During this commotion, the landlord, who perceived that his friends were likely to get the worst of the storm they had provoked, prudently withdrew his body from so dangerous a vicinity; but unfortunately, instead of quitting the room, only retreated behind the bar, from which escape, in a later period of the fray, became utterly impossible. When all the others had been soundly belabored, the man in the brown coat, who appeared to be endowed with a giant's strength, approached him with a menacing look, and dragged him from his quiet nook into the middle of the room. There he laid the whip about his legs and back, till the unhappy man sank upon his knees and begged for mercy. This was granted only at the intercession of Henry, who now came forward and desired the

stranger to desist, although he considered the castigation to have been inflicted upon a most worthy object.

The two friends next turned their attention to clearing the room of all its inmates excepting Henry—a purpose which it took them but a very short time to accomplish, as there was not a man among them, except the disabled SMIKE, who did not consider it a privilege to be allowed a passage to the road, notwithstanding that their egress was in every case accompanied by a valedictory kick or blow. This done, the victors commenced the demolition of the movables, which they entirely destroyed, together with the bar and all its contents. The bottles, glasses, plates, et cetera, disappeared through the windows, and even the money-till, with the little cash it contained, was sent after its owner into the road. The greatest confusion prevailed. A woman and two or three white-haired children added their screams to the general clamor; while the great dog began to bark, but, like its master, soon sought safety in flight.

Having completed their work of destruction, the two friends, somewhat fatigued by the violence of their exercise, paused, and helped themselves to brandy, a bottle of which they had spared for their own use. When they had drunk one glass each, and broken the bottles and tumblers, they went into the yard, mounted their horses, and disappeared.

The poor landlord re-entered his ill-fated room, and when he perceived how much damage he had sustained, cursed his unruly customers and burst

into tears. He threw himself upon what remained of a bench, and looked the very image of despair. His whole stock in trade, recently replenished from the city, had suddenly vanished, and nothing connected with his business remained, but splinters and broken glasses. His family, too, a most uncomely set of beings, entered to survey the ruins of their little property; and their lamentations over their loss so touched Henry's feelings, that he drew his purse from his pocket, and gave them a liberal donative. This soon changed their grief into joy, but however grateful they may have felt, they seized the money with avidity, without expressing their thanks for the favor.

CHAPTER X.

THE rain continued during the day, but late in the afternoon it slackened a little, and Henry determined to pursue his journey, at the expense of a drenching, rather than remain in such a tavern till the following morning. He had still some eight miles to travel, but he hoped to arrive at the Woods before nightfall. Having remounted Romeo, he set off at a quick pace, and, in three quarters of an hour found himself, thoroughly wetted, within a mile of Mr. Stafford's.

At the foot of a rising piece of ground he drew his rein for the first time, to allow his horse to walk a short distance; and when about half-way up, discovered a horseman on the top, who, on perceiving Henry, turned about and disappeared. When Carleton gained the summit of the hill, he saw no person on the road, but the circumstance did not, at the moment, strike him as deserving of much attention, although he thought it by no means improbable that, before proceeding much farther, he should encounter the person again.

The road wound through a country abounding in small hills, consisting, for the most part, of rock, yet covered with a sufficient depth of soil to support a thick growth of wood, much of which re-

mains to the present day. From the top of the small eminence, Henry could see but a short distance ahead of him, in consequence of a sudden turn which the road took, to avoid a huge mass of moss-covered rock projecting above the ground. On each side were dense woods, which, owing to the crookedness of the way, seemed to close before him; and the whole aspect of the place was lonely and wild in the extreme. The dreariness of the spot was enhanced tenfold by the lateness of the hour, and by the driving rain, which, since his departure from the inn, had continued to fall with little or no cessation.

Henry began to feel somewhat uncomfortable. He was not fearful, for his heart was a stout one, and its palpitations had seldom been quickened by the emotion of fear;—yet he had an unpleasant presentiment that there was something connected with the disappearance of the horseman, which boded no good. Alone in such a place, the idea of being attacked and overpowered, was sufficient to render him anxious at least—and his anxiety was not diminished by the discovery of what he supposed to be the head of a man, projecting above the rock before alluded to, though the distance and the rain prevented his forming a certain conclusion. Romeo pricked his ears and hesitated. Henry used the spur and encouraged the animal with his voice; but still the horse proceeded timorously, and exhibited the most unequivocal signs of fear.

He was now within a very short distance of the turn, and determined to put the horse to his greatest

speed. Gathering up the reins anew, and re-adjusting a pistol that he carried in a convenient place, he struck the rowels into Romeo, accompanying the act with a sharp word or two, and dashed ahead with great rapidity. He passed the turn without discovering any thing likely to interrupt his progress, and began to hope his apprehensions were groundless, when a horseman suddenly emerged from the wood, and stopped in the middle of the road, about fifty yards distant. Henry rode boldly on, without slackening his pace, and when within thirty feet of the stranger, was commanded, or rather requested in a mild tone, to stop. The horseman, at the same time, exhibited a pistol, to show that he was prepared to enforce obedience; but Henry, nothing daunted by so formidable an obstacle to his progress, also drew a pistol, and threatened to shoot, unless he should be allowed to pass unmolested.

"Halt, sir!" repeated the man, in a somewhat less courteous manner; "I have something to say to you."

"Not at your command, villain," replied Carleton, firing his pistol, the report of which made the woods ring. The ball went through the head of his opponent's horse, which fell dead on the instant. The rider skilfully avoided any personal mishap from the fall, and the moment that the horse struck the ground, he sprang upon his feet, gave a shrill whistle, and caught Henry's bridle as he attempted to pass on at full run. Unfortunately his second pistol was so entangled in the folds of his dress,

that he could not extricate it in time to be of any service; and his effort to urge on the spirited animal, in spite of the hold which the man had upon the rein, was equally unsuccessful. In less than half a minute he was surrounded by five or six as rough-looking fellows as the country afforded, and compelled to dismount.

"By what right," demanded Henry, addressing himself to the leader, whom he now discovered to be the same individual who wore the gray coat at the inn, "do you presume to stop me on the highway?"

"By the right that nature gives, my good sir," replied the man with an air of mock respect, "when she makes one man stronger than another; and if you deem that answer unsatisfactory, we will argue the question at a more fitting time and place. My purpose, at present, is to take you home with me; and albeit I may not be able to offer you such accommodations as those to which you have been accustomed, yet I shall be mistaken if a young man of your vigor should sustain any injury in the lodgings which my roof affords."

"If money be your object, sir," said Henry, "take what I have, and suffer me to pursue my journey; but think not I shall submit to be held in durance, while I have an arm to defend myself." So saying, he pointed the pistol at the stranger, and demanded to be set at liberty. He had no sooner raised his hand, however, than he was seized and disarmed, at the command of their leader, by four stout men, with whose united strength it would

have been folly to contend. They discharged the pistol and returned it to him, but received the stern rebuke of their captain for having made unnecessary noise.

"What do you do, blockheads?" cried he, angrily; "do you mean to alarm the whole country? Rash boy," he continued, in a calmer tone, turning to Henry, "for boy you still are, though you have the dimensions of a man, both physical and mental, you should learn to submit more quietly to a stern necessity, and refrain from attempting resistance, when resistance is in vain."

"It is not in my nature," responded Henry, sharply, "to yield myself a prisoner to a common freebooter; so hands off, you scoundrels!"

This last expression was accompanied with a tremendous effort to effect his release, by which he succeeded in disengaging his arms from two men who held them; and he was already at the side of Romeo, with one foot in the stirrup, when the leader again ordered him to be seized, and the horse led away.

"Take that fine animal to our stables," said he to one of his followers, "and see that he has plenty of provender, and a dry bed to lie on. As for this carcass," he continued in a subdued tone, that showed how much he regretted the death of his horse, "drag it for the present into the woods, and when the tide is in, commit it to the water, but not until I see it again. That brute has been a faithful servant to his master, and in killing him, sir, (turning to Henry,) you have deprived me of a good

friend, and the companion of many a long year. I would have parted with an arm to save the life of that animal. Come, sir," said he, after a short pause, which he employed in gazing upon the body of his horse, as if it had been the remains of a near relative, "follow me: when we arrive home, I will apologize for thus compelling you, against your will, to afford me the pleasure of your society."

So saying, he struck into the woods on the side nearest to the river, followed by his prisoner and two men, who walked within arm's-length of their prize, to prevent his escape. Henry felt highly indignant at such treatment, but seeing that the odds were so much against him, wisely concluded not to renew his attempt to escape. Having made up his mind, therefore, to endure with patience what could not be remedied, he obeyed the summons of the leader, and followed him without another word of remonstrance.

We have observed that when Henry saw this individual in the inn, there was something in his countenance and demeanor which arrested attention. His language was good, and there was in his manners a certain ease, not to say grace, which excited notice, because it was unlooked for in a man of his appearance. Although he seemed a person who had seen better days, yet every thing that had occurred, favored the idea of his being the head of one of those gangs of depredators who were denominated Skinners, and who, with a lawless freedom, levied contributions upon the country, and picked

up a dishonest living by whatever means it be obtained.

Their way lay through a wood, in which thick growth of bushes; and they had not pro far, before they began to descend a hill by a d and hidden path, that wound among the roc scrub-oaks, which found a scanty subsistence thin and stony soil. Through an opening trees, Henry caught a glimpse of the Sound, waves dashed against the shore with a hoar angry roar.

They walked in silence, until they reach foot of what might with propriety be termed cipice, so steep was the descent; but when th come to the water's edge, the stranger poir an island that lay fifty yards or more from th land, and simply remarked that it was thei of destination. He then gave his follower: tions to bring up the boat, and while the: obeying the order, he stood with arms fold: his face turned towards the islet, wrapped found thought.

More than once, during this short interval, was half resolved to attempt an escape, al he knew that the chances of success were against him, in consequence of his entire ign of the ground. He was confident that in p strength he was quite the equal of his capt: then the delay occasioned by a struggle, wo able his opponent to recall the men, and thus escape quite impracticable. Once or twice he cast his eye up the hill behind them, the s

suddenly turned, and, without saying anything, regarded him with a suspicious look, as if he might have suspected what was passing in his prisoner's mind.

In a few minutes a long black boat, containing the two men, shot from a thick clump of bushes that grew by, and overhung the water's edge. A dozen strokes of the oars brought it to the rock on which Henry and the leader were standing.

"Have you a handkerchief, Mr. Carleton?" demanded the stranger gravely.

"And whether I have or not, what is that to you?" returned Henry, who was in no humor to be even decently civil in his replies.

"I intend to blindfold you," observed the other, calmly but firmly, "and I thought you would prefer being bandaged with your own handkerchief instead of mine; but you can take your choice, as it is all one to me, so that you choose without unnecessary delay."

"Suppose that I should not submit to be blindfolded with either," said Henry, picking up a thick stick that lay near him, which he evidently designed to use in case of need; "what am I to expect?"

"To be coerced into submission," replied the Skinner (for such we must consider him), "which will be no difficult task for one who has so many strong arms at command. But you have nothing to fear, Mr. Carleton; it is but a precaution of mine, to prevent your learning which of those islands is my place of abode. When we are landed, you shall be relieved of the bandage."

Henry, finding that resistance would be unavailing, handed his pocket-handkerchief to the Skinn, who submitted to be blindfolded; after which they were rowed across the narrow passage between the islands and the main land. They did not, however, go immediately on shore, but turning into one of the channels that led to the Sound, they ran between the two islands, and proceeded some distance in a regular course, keeping close to the land, in order to avoid the roughness of the sea. At length, after rowing about for fifteen or twenty minutes, they returned within a short distance of the spot where they started, and landed on the inner side of the largest island. Henry imagined that he had conveyed at least two miles from the place of capture, but whether he had gone along the shore to the eastward or westward, he was, of course, unable to decide.

The islet on which Carleton's captors reside is one of a number that lie within a hundred or two hundred yards of the main land, stretching two or three miles along the coast. They are composed of rock, slightly conical, and covered with a thin coating of earth, which supports a growth of small oaks and other trees. On some, the soil is of a rich and quality which has allowed the forest to grow to its natural size. The trees on most of them extend quite to the water's edge, and when viewed from the shore, they present the appearance of detached portions of forest, resting quietly upon the water of the Sound. These insulated spots are exceedingly attractive to the eye. Comparative

Of the trees have been removed, and the islands, when the foliage is green and dense, are yet as beautiful as ever, and seem in their seclusion and silence, like those romantic spots so frequently chosen by the feudal barons, as sites for their strong and inaccessible castles. As we view from the opposite hills those water-girded tracts, with their dark masses of leaves, and allow the imagination to conjure up its delightful pictures, we may easily fancy that, in the olden time, they were the residence of some noble and iron-clad warrior, whose banners waved from turrets which have crumbled under the wasting hand of time. As the eye surveys those enchanting isles, and strives to penetrate their quiet shades, it is not difficult to imagine them to have been the bowers renowned in romantic song—and the scenes among which the brave and beautiful of other days have lived, from infancy to old age, in that round of occupations befitting only the lordly baron and the belted earl. We may fancy that, among the shadows of those noble oaks, many a high-born dame has mingled the music of voice and harp with the sighing of the breeze, and the gentle murmur of the waves; or, with hawk upon her wrist, and mounted on her palfrey, crossed the bridge, long since decayed, and sought the heron along the rocky shores.

Although in these islets, so beautiful and attractive, no gray and time-worn turrets meet the admiring gaze, yet it is not improbable that they have once been the favored haunts of ruder, but not less noble lords, who have long since disappeared.

Those very trees, had they tongues to speak of what they have seen, might tell of the Indian warrior, armed with tomahawk and bow—the admiration of his tribe, the terror of his foes;—of the Indian maiden, who braided her long hair under their green and shady boughs, and wove among her jetty tresses the pearly treasures of the deep.

At the time of which we write, however, they were all unoccupied save one, and that was the temporary residence of the man and his followers, whose movements have been, in part, the subject of the last few pages. The Indian had long since passed away, leaving in that vicinity scarcely a trace behind him; and his civilized successors, though they had doubtless regarded those insulated spots with admiring eyes, had perhaps considered their distance from the main land, an insuperable objection to their occupation. This circumstance, added to others quite as favorable, had induced Carleton's captor to select the largest as his place of retreat, whence, with the aid of boats admirably constructed with a view to speed, he could make descents upon the coast, whenever a prospect of booty, or an opportunity of annoying the enemy, invited such incursions.

Henry followed his taciturn guide from the shore to the top of the hill, making his way, with some difficulty, through the thick coppice that everywhere covered the ground, and then descended on the other side to the water's edge, turning to the right towards an apparently impenetrable clump of bushes, closely interwoven with briars and vines.

This barrier extended to a ledge of rocks, washed by the waves of the Sound, leaving but a narrow space, and that a wet and slippery declivity, over which the guide and his followers were obliged to pass, in order to reach the place they sought. The freebooter took the lead, but not without cautioning Henry to be careful, lest a slip should plunge him in the deep water beneath; and at one point, where the sea-weed rendered the footing very insecure, he turned and took his prisoner by the hand, with a view to prevent an accident, which would have caused a drenched suit at least, if not more serious results.

At length this somewhat dangerous part of their path was passed, and Carleton suddenly found himself in a part of the woods more difficult to traverse than any he had seen on the island; but he followed the example of the singular personage who preceded him, and dashed through the opposing bushes and vines, feeling that, as he was wholly in the power of another, naught remained for him to do, but to reach their journey's end as speedily as possible. It was now fast growing dark, and before and behind him were strong men, bent upon some object, he knew not what; but however unpleasant was the prospect of remaining, even for a single night, in such custody, to escape, while he was ignorant of the localities, and in spite of so superior a force, was what he was unwilling to attempt. Besides that he considered it utterly impracticable, he began to feel more easy as to the intentions of his captor, and, consequently, less of apprehension for

his personal safety, than at the first moment of his finding himself in such unwelcome company. He was satisfied, from what had occurred, that the leader was not a common highwayman, whose only object is plunder; or, at least, that in capturing him, the man entertained other designs than that of obtaining money. What those designs might be, of course he could not divine; but he felt assured that he had no cause to be seriously alarmed at his situation. It must be confessed, however, that the uncertainty, as to how long his detention might be, and what would be the nature of his treatment, was the source of no enviable feelings.

Unaccustomed to despond in moments of difficulty, and determined to make the best of a mishap that could not be immediately remedied, he assumed a degree of cheerfulness, while, at the same time, he fully resolved to escape, if possible, on the following day.

After proceeding a little further, the bushes gradually became thinner, and at length they came to an opening, or glade, at one end of which rose two rocks, to the height of ten or twelve feet, with a space between them of some six or eight feet in width. Over this opening was a roof of boards, so concealed by heaps of bushes piled upon them, that a person walking on the ground above, which was level with the tops of the rocks, could not discover any trace of a human habitation beneath him.

The entrance was defended from the weather by a piece of sail-cloth that hung before it, descending to within a few inches of the ground. Near to this

rude retreat was a sort of fire-place, constructed of stones, over which was a small iron kettle, suspended from the bough of a tree, which appeared to have been left standing for that purpose. A few expiring embers were the remains of a fire which the chief occupant of the cave, if cave it can be called, ordered to be re-kindled, at the same time directing that supper should be prepared with all possible despatch. This order was accompanied by an allusion to the quality of his guest, which Henry did not fail to notice, as it was evidently intended for his ear; but he was unable to decide whether it was designed as a sarcasm, or merely a complimentary remark. He affected, however, not to have heard it, though the language used was such as, if not ironical, seemed to call for some slight acknowledgment.

The stranger then raised one corner of the canvass, and invited Henry to enter his humble abode, assuring him that, although the accommodation might be poor, he should find a host not deficient in solicitude for the comfort and convenience of his guests. He confessed that he could not promise much beyond a hearty welcome, but signified that he should do all for Henry's entertainment that his limited means permitted.

These remarks were accompanied by such an air of sincerity, that our hero could not doubt that they had been uttered in good faith. He accordingly entered, followed by his strange entertainer, feeling a degree of reliance upon the promises of the man,

which placed him completely at ease, so far as it concerned his personal safety. His curiosity was now much increased to know more of his captor, and of the motive that actuated him in thus possessing himself of the person of a stranger, while his property was left undisturbed.

The interior of this natural mansion, as may well be supposed, possessed nothing attractive, to one who had been reared among the refinements and comforts of a city. The depth of it was something like fifteen feet, the moss-covered rocks forming the walls, and a carpet of dry leaves its floor. It was divided into two apartments by a piece of sail-cloth, which scarcely sufficed to reach from one side to the other; and there was no aperture for the admission of light, excepting the entrance—the top, as we have remarked, being securely closed for the purpose of shelter. The only furniture in the ante-room consisted of two chairs, and a table constructed in the rudest manner of unplanned boards. On a shelf, suspended in one corner by ropes attached to the roof, were a few articles of crockery, and a bottle or two containing liquor. A large chest, similar to those used by seamen, stood against the rocky wall, and served the double purpose of a seat and of a strong box, to hold whatever of value the chief tenant of this habitation possessed.

The inner apartment Henry concluded to be that in which his host and companions were accustomed to sleep; and as it was by no means probable that the bed-room was in any respect superior to the

parlor, he thought there was little reason to expect the luxury of a clean pair of sheets, and a comfortable night's rest.

Henry's saddle-bags were now brought in, together with his pistols, and, by the chief's directions, were conveyed into the bed-chamber, for such we must call it, as it was reserved exclusively for that purpose.

"This is to be, for a while, the place of your sojourn, Mr. Carleton," commenced Henry's captor, taking off his heavy coat and hanging it on a peg stuck in a crevice of the rock; "and for your sake, I wish it were a little better suited to your taste. If you desire to make any change in your dress, I will furnish you with a lamp, and in the next room you may be alone and undisturbed,

"That is quite unnecessary," replied Henry, in a tone of impatience, "as my surtout has protected me from the rain. But now, sir, that you have me here, be so good as to inform me what your object is in thus stopping a traveller upon the high road, and depriving him of his liberty. What do you mean to do with me, and how long am I to be detained?"

"That you shall know in good time, Mr. Carleton," answered the man, 'throwing himself upon the chest, and fixing his eyes intently upon his prisoner; "but first let us converse a little upon other matters. We are not yet fairly acquainted, and I have much to learn from you of the state of affairs below, and what the prospect is in reference to the

movements of Washington; concerning all which you are doubtless well informed."

"We are quite as well acquainted," said Henry, "as it is desirable on my part that we should be, and I shall hold no conversation with you, until I know your purpose in bringing me hither."

"Your impatience to know that is quite natural, I admit, and to-morrow you shall be satisfied on that point. I have much to say to you, and wish to do it private. All my men will soon come in, and as we cannot be quite alone this evening, I shall, with your permission, defer speaking to you on a subject of considerable importance to me, until to-morrow morning. Meantime, make yourself quite easy; for on the honor of a gentleman, (placing his hand upon his heart,) nothing shall befall you here, excepting the want of those luxuries to which you have been accustomed."

Henry was somewhat amused at thus receiving the pledge of a gentleman that he should be well treated; and the expression called a smile to his lips, which did not pass unnoticed by his host. Had not the tone in which the last remark was uttered forbidden such a supposition, he would have considered this allusion to honor as merely a humorous sally on the part of the speaker.

"I perceive that you smile at my language," continued the man, "and I confess not without reason, considering the character which I am now playing. To have a person who has stopped you on the high road talk of his honor, and call himself a gentleman,

is indeed sufficiently diverting; but I shall not now attempt to vindicate my claim to respectability, as you are not in the proper humor to listen to my arguments, and to appreciate their force and value."

This was delivered in a jocular tone of voice, and accompanied, or rather followed, by a laugh, which showed that the man, although he wore a severe expression of countenance, was naturally disposed to merriment.

"You might vindicate it to my satisfaction," observed Carleton, "and at the same time display your sense of justice, by instantly ordering your men to row me to the main shore, and place me in possession of my horse."

"It is quite too late, now, to think of it, sir;—the night is cold and wet, and it would argue a want of good feeling and politeness on my part, to allow a guest to depart from my doors at such a time. Hark! the wind increases, and the waves dash with such violence against the rocks, that it would positively be dangerous to attempt a passage hence to the main land; and as for threading our way through the woods to the inner side of the island, the thing is impossible, sir, quite impossible."

Henry saw that it would be in vain to urge his release, as his detention, for some reason, was obviously determined upon; indeed, his last remark was made without any expectation that his request would be complied with. After a short pause, the man resumed:—

"You are, doubtless, somewhat curious to know who and what I am. There is my signature, (wri-

ting the name Richard Crawford upon the tablet with a piece of chalk), but it is inexpedient to reveal more at present. The time may come, and I hope it will be through your influence, when I will know me under more favorable circumstances than those in which you now see me. But if this is to be brought about, I reserve for a future conversation."

Carleton made no reply to this, but thought of Crawford's hopes were destined to be sorely disappointed. He had too poor an opinion of the man to feel much sympathy for him, and did not, therefore, think it possible that he could ever be induced to exert any influence in his favor. He had, by this time, however, become convinced that Crawford was, in every respect, superior to the men with whom he commanded: his language, manners, and general bearing, indicated, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he once moved in a sphere of life infinitely above that of the men with whom he was associated. It was impossible, therefore, not to feel considerable curiosity concerning him, but as he was only known to Henry as one who had done wrong, it was equally impossible that any interest could have been awakened in his behalf.

CHAPTER XI.

CRAWFORD now withdrew, to hasten the preparations for supper, and after a few moments' absence he returned, produced a light, and set on the table what few articles were required. Soon after, a tolerably fair supper, the produce in part, perhaps, of the neighboring farms, was brought in, when Crawford invited his guest to draw up his chair and share the meal. The food thus displayed consisted of bread, a little the worse for age; two chickens, so admirably broiled as to present a tempting appearance to hungry men; and coffee, that proved the cook of this unique establishment to be no tyro in his useful art. To these was added some cheese, that corresponded, in the cleanliness of its appearance, to the other articles of food;—the whole affording an agreeable sight and smell to Carleton, whose appetite had by this time become exceedingly importunate.

There is nothing that will so effectually put a hungry man in good humor, as a well-spread table. No matter how morose or sullen he may be, his feelings assume a more cheerful character, from the moment that he beholds the smoking viands of which he is to partake; and long before the meal is finished, he is invariably found to be in as good spirits as the merriest of the company. This was pre-

cisely the case with Carleton. When he entered the house, his feelings were exactly what the reader will readily imagine them to have been, and he underwent no material change, until he had the evidence before him that his hunger was about to be appeased in a most satisfactory manner. From that time he became more cheerful and affable, and more courteous in his demeanor to the man who, although he had, in the most unceremonious manner, deprived him of his personal freedom, had certainly done his utmost to render Carleton's captivity as agreeable as possible.

The guest, or rather the prisoner, did not wait for a second invitation, but took his seat at the table, repeating in a low tone to himself,

"Jeiunus raro stomachus bona temnit,"

a slightly altered line of Horace (his favorite author) that rose to his lips, and seemed very appropriate to the occasion. Though not intended for Crawford's ears, he caught it, and, much to Henry's astonishment, observed:

"You have changed a word, Mr. Carleton, I would fain hope with justice to the meal, however much you may have injured the prospect. Though I say it myself, I should think that the word *vulgaria*, which you have politely omitted, would not apply to the present supper."

"Certainly not, Mr. Crawford," replied Carleton, "had you consulted my choice in regard to the menu, nothing better, or more consonant to my taste, could have been procured. May I ask where your n

ket is situated, and whether it is well supplied with such food?"

"The farmers' barn-yards are our markets," replied Crawford, smiling; "but my purveyor-generally pays the hard cash for every thing he receives; so you may eat freely, without suffering your conscience to be disturbed. If he ever takes any thing without leave of its owner, it is from Tories, and never from Whigs."

"Then, I presume," observed Carleton, "that these are Tory fowls."

"No, sir," replied Crawford, laughing, "these happen to be Whig fowls; but they were bought and paid for a few miles below, near to the tavern which you saw me turn inside out. By the way, to change the subject, don't you think I handled those scoundrels as they deserved? Let me help you to a wing."

"You certainly," answered Carleton, "gave the boors no more than they well merited, and the inn-keeper himself deserved a chastisement; but I thought you allowed your feelings to carry you farther in the punishment of poor Boniface than was reasonable."

"Had that fellow been alone in his bar-room," said Crawford, "when he treated me so uncivilly, I should have felt some respect for him as a man of courage, and contented myself with simply tweaking his nose, by way of teaching him better manners; but as he had all those bullies around him, and felt, in their superiority of number, very safe in insulting and maltreating two peaceable stran-

gers, I was determined to make thorough work of it, and punish him severely as a most execrable and cowardly villain. I think he will be careful, in future, how he fosters quarrels among his guests."

"That he will," observed Carleton; "for after you had departed, he looked the very personification of despair. I repaired, in some degree, the damage you had done, and advised him, for the future, to prevent, if possible, instead of encouraging broils among the inmates of his house."

"It is not long, Mr. Carleton," said Crawford, "if I am rightly informed, since you were engaged in hot work; and report speaks favorably of your conduct on that occasion."

"It is very true," replied Henry, "that I was one of a party who captured a British sloop laden with clothing and provisions; and I would fain believe that I did my part towards accomplishing that desirable end. But may I ask how you obtained the information, and by what means you became acquainted with my name?"

"I have, during the course of to-day, seen a friend of mine from New York, who gave me an account of the capture, and pointed you out to me, on the road, as one of the gentlemen engaged in that perilous enterprise. He knew your name, but did not profess to be acquainted with you."

At this moment several of Crawford's men entered the house, and putting off their heavy and wetted coats, threw themselves on the floor to await their turn at supper, amusing themselves,

during the interval, with a game at cards. Crawford interrogated one of them as to whether his orders in regard to Carleton's horse had been obeyed, and was answered in the affirmative. This seemed to remind him of his own steed, and caused a fit of thoughtfulness, of some minutes' duration. At length he resumed the conversation, but with less of cheerfulness than he had previously exhibited.

"Is it true, sir," he demanded, putting another piece of fowl upon Henry's plate, and replenishing his own, "that the General contemplates abandoning New York?"

"Such is the report in town," answered Henry, and I believe it to be well founded. He is apprehensive, it is said, that Howe will cross above him, and thus cut off a retreat that may become absolutely necessary to the safety of the army."

"It will be a good move," observed Crawford, after a moment's reflection; "indeed it is the only thing he can safely do at present. The condition of the army is now so deplorable, that it would be hazarding too much to attempt to keep possession of the city. I was sure it would come to that, from the moment I heard of the discomfiture on Long Island. Howe must be more active and less prudent, if he expects to entrap Washington."

"I perceive that you are a true Whig," observed Henry.

"I hate a Tory as I do the devil," said Crawford; "and it shall not be my fault if those in this vicinity, at least, do not grow sick of this unnatural war,

before many months elapse. There are some among them, however, whom I respect, and shall not trouble. One of them resides in New York—a gentleman of some distinction there, whom you well know.”

“Pray, what is his name?” demanded Henry.

“Ralph Carleton,” answered Crawford. “You seem astonished, sir, but it is true that Mr. Carleton was, many years ago, my friend. It is long since I saw him, but time has not, and never will, efface the recollection of the many favors I have received at his hands, and of the kindness with which he uniformly treated me. We were intimate in our boyhood, and our friendship continued unbroken till we were men, when we chose different courses—he, the wiser and more honorable—I, that which he thought was incompatible with the continuance of our intimacy. We separated, and although we have never since either seen or held any intercourse with each other, I have ever cherished the remembrance of our long and happy friendship.”

In the utterance of the last few words, Henry thought he detected a slight faltering in Crawford’s strong and manly voice; but a more certain indication of his strong emotion, was a tear which glistened for a moment in his eye, and which he vainly endeavored to conceal. Henry’s astonishment at finding, in such a man, an early friend of his father, may be easily imagined; and he would have doubted the truth of what he had heard, had there not been in Crawford’s manner, that which forbade the supposition of his uttering what was untrue.

Although he was disposed to credit the statement, still there was something so unexpected, not to say extraordinary, in the story, that he hesitated to accord it his belief. He had frequently heard his father speak of his early friends, but did not remember to have heard any allusion to a person of that name. This fact he communicated to Crawford, who immediately inferred that Carleton suspected him of an untruth.

"Your doubt seems reasonable," said Crawford, in an under tone; "but I have that in my possession which will produce conviction. At the proper time I will prove to you that what I have said is true; and when I shall have done so, I may have a favor to request of you, though, from your respected father I have nothing to ask or expect."

"You are mistaken," said Henry, "in supposing that I suspect you of a falsehood. Your mention of an intimacy having once subsisted between you and my father, did indeed surprise me; but as there is nothing impossible, nor even improbable, in it, of course I had no reason to question its truth. As to the favor you intend to ask, of course it will depend entirely upon its nature whether I grant it or not. If it be in my power, and at the same time consistent with my honor and station in society, to serve you in the way you desire, I shall take pleasure in doing so; but I must make it a condition, that you set me at liberty at the earliest possible moment. You may, perhaps, immediately after supper, let me know your purpose, so that I may this evening be set on shore, and permitted to go to my friends."

"Be satisfied, my good sir," said Crawford, "to spend the night with me, and to-morrow you shall have your freedom. This I promise on the honor of a man who never has broken, and never will break, his word, whatever else he may do to incur the disapprobation of the wise and good."

Henry was obliged to acquiesce, but as his curiosity had been excited in reference to the man, he would gladly have learned something more concerning him immediately; since, in consequence of his determination to escape, if possible, during the night, another opportunity of conversing with him might not occur.

After spending another half hour in conversation, Henry, piloted by Crawford, withdrew to the sleeping apartment. As he had supposed, he found it to be anything but inviting in its appearance. Two or three pallets were stretched on a layer of dry leaves, and the linen was of the coarsest kind, but not deficient in cleanliness. The innermost bed was assigned to Carleton by his host, less, perhaps, because it happened to be the best of the three, than for the reason that he would there be more secure—his keeper intending to occupy the bed that lay between him and the door.

After expressing the hope that Henry would manage to pass a comfortable night, notwithstanding the badness of the accommodations, Crawford left the apartment, taking with him the pistols which belonged to his involuntary guest. His object in doing this was obvious, for he had too good an opinion of his prisoner's courage to leave

him in possession of such dangerous weapons. Carleton saw, with regret, that he was about to lose his arms, as they were a valuable prize which Captain H—— had presented to him only a few days before.

When our hero was alone, he proceeded to examine his saddle-bags, and had the satisfaction to find that nothing had been disturbed. He placed them where they might readily be taken up in the dark, and then, without casting off his clothes, threw himself upon the bed. He now revolved in his mind his project of attempting an escape. He had, as we have observed, fully determined on regaining his freedom, if possible; but he had since received the promise of Crawford that, on the morrow, he should be set at liberty. This rendered him doubtful as to the propriety of leaving clandestinely, as he had contemplated. Should he do so, he would necessarily be obliged to leave behind him a valuable horse, which he prized very highly as the gift of his father—to say nothing of his intrinsic worth as an animal of uncommon speed and mettle. To seek him on such a night would be a hopeless task, as he was not even informed whether the horse had been brought to the island or left on the main shore. Besides this consideration, what he had seen of Crawford had considerably improved his opinion of him, and he questioned whether he might not venture to confide in his solemn promise, to release him on the following day.

On the other hand, Crawford was evidently a

man of desperate fortunes and of bad principle. He had not hesitated to violate the law, by depriving Henry of his liberty, and compelling him against his will, to go upon the island for an object confessedly selfish. His conversation and conduct after their arrival there, were certainly much in favor, but what assurance had Henry that that courtesy was not assumed for some sinister purpose?—or, how could he be sure that, if he refused to grant the favor which Crawford intended to ask, he would not be detained there until confinement should extort his consent to, perhaps, unreasonable demands? These were questions that presented themselves to Henry's mind, and the more he thought of the matter, the less disposed he felt to await the pleasure of his resolute captor.

At length, after maturely considering the proposed attempt, he concluded that, if a good opportunity of obtaining his freedom should occur in the course of the night, it would be unwise, under the circumstances, not to embrace it, whatever might be the risk. Having come to this conclusion, he impatiently awaited the hour when all should be sunk in profound slumber.

The men continued their games and talk till midnight, when, one after another, they stretched themselves on the dry leaves and went to sleep. A short interval of silence succeeded, and Carleton was about to rise, with a view to ascertain whether Crawford himself was still awake, when another person suddenly entered the house, and commenced conversation in a subdued tone of voice. He

could not hear what passed between them, although he listened with the most lively curiosity, to discover whether he was the subject of that midnight conference. He was able to catch only a word or two occasionally, but the earnestness of their discussion indicated that the object of their interview was one of more than ordinary interest. Sometimes he fancied that his own name was mentioned, and his curiosity was gradually merged in a feeling of intense anxiety, which soon became painful to endure. He now began to apprehend that he was in more dangerous hands than he had supposed, and it occurred to him that perhaps Crawford's courtesy was designed to throw him off his guard, that when his confederate arrived, their purpose might be the more readily wrought. He seemed to see clearly through what had passed, but what was to ensue, of course he could not divine. He was satisfied, however, that some mischief was plotting by the two worthies in the next room, and he had reason to believe that their intended victim could be no other than himself.

Henry was not the man to remain long inactive, where his personal safety was concerned. Fearless as he generally was, it cannot be denied that, on this occasion, his feelings were extremely unpleasant, and such as in most persons, similarly circumstanced, would have been heightened into intense fear. Without arms, he could scarcely hope to make an effectual resistance. He knew that Crawford alone was more than his equal in physical strength; consequently, unless some unexpected circumstance

should favor him, he saw that, in the event of an encounter, he would inevitably be overpowered. Nothing daunted, however, by this reflection, he determined that no efforts should be wanting to defend himself, if Crawford and his friend should make any attempts at violence.

Thus fortified with a resolution to resist while he could raise a hand in his defence, his first object was to ascertain, if possible, the intention of the enemy. Accordingly, rising from his pallet, he proceeded, with the utmost caution, towards the suspended canvass; but the dry leaves with which the ground was covered, rendered it extremely difficult to prevent his footsteps from being heard.—He succeeded, however, without giving alarm, in reaching the cloth, through a rent in which he saw the two friends sitting opposite to each other, with the table between them, covered with the fragments of the supper. He recognised in the newcomer the same individual who was Crawford's companion at the inn, and who was still dressed in the same manner, having his cap drawn so far over his features, as almost to conceal them from view. He sat with his face partly averted, so that very little of it could be seen.

Henry remained an attentive listener to what passed, and felt himself justifiable in so doing, by the relation in which he stood to the lawless speakers. "*Fas est decipere hostem,*" is a maxim universally approved by belligerents; and if it be lawful, thought he, to deceive, why not to hear, the enemy.

The conversation was still conducted in an undertone, and Crawford occasionally cast suspicious glances towards the canvass, as if he half suspected the presence of an eavesdropper. This gave Henry some uneasiness, as his ideas of propriety would not have allowed him to be caught in that situation without much mortification, although the act was prompted by other motives than that of idle and impertinent curiosity.

In the voice of the stranger, he heard one with which he seemed to be somewhat familiar. He endeavored to recollect when and where he had before heard it, but, for some minutes, he was unable to associate it with any person of his acquaintance. At length, however, a peculiarity of manner, as well as a certain bold, off-hand style of language, recalled Marriner to his mind; and instantly the conviction flashed upon him, that it could, indeed, be no other than that eccentric and reckless individual, who was thus in close conference with the equally lawless Crawford. Had any doubts of the identity remained, they would soon have been dispelled by Marriner's doffing his cap and cloak, and exposing his features to the view of the astonished Henry. He seemed, under the influence of his potations of brandy, to have forgotten the precautions which had evidently been taken to conceal his face. That he desired not to be recognised by Carleton, was apparent, from the fact that he did not make himself known at the inn; and also, from the circumstance of his visiting Crawford dressed with the same scrupulous care, to prevent recognition.

Carleton now felt himself more at ease. Although he had known Marriner but a short time, and had formed no good opinion of his honesty, yet, from what he had seen and heard of him, he thought the fellow might possess those high notions of honor which are frequently found in conjunction with loose principles, and which would prevent his harboring any evil designs against one, who had so recently fought by his side against a common foe. He gathered from the conversation of those kindred spirits, that they had a project on foot against some conspicuous Tory of that vicinity; but the name of the intended victim was not mentioned, nor could he, from what was said, conjecture who was to be the subject of their depredations. They very soon changed the topic, which prevented his learning any thing definite in relation to their contemplated movements.

Much as Carleton disliked the Tories, as a body, there was one, at least, in that neighborhood, whom he would willingly have protected with his sword, if necessary, and that was his friend Hugh Stafford, father of his favorite, Alice. He would have been glad, therefore, to ascertain whether their designs were against that gentleman; but, at all events, he determined to apprise Mr. Stafford, at the earliest possible moment, of what he had heard, and thus place him on his guard.

During this conference, or, at least, so much of it as Carleton had overheard, his name was not mentioned; from which he inferred that Marriner was not aware of his being in the custody of Crawford.

Soon after midnight, Marriner, who by this time, with the assistance of his host, had finished the contents of the bottle, threw himself upon the floor, and sank into a profound sleep. His bed was certainly not the softest one that the house contained, but Crawford politely suffered him to occupy his couch of leaves, since it had been selected, and of course preferred, by him as his place of repose. Having folded his friend's coat, and laid it as a pillow under its owner's head, Crawford took up the dimly-burning light, and walked towards the adjoining apartment. This was the signal for Carleton to retire, which he did immediately, and regained his bed undiscovered. Crawford cast an unsuspecting glance towards him, and then, without putting off any of his clothes, blew out the light and lay down between his prisoner and the entrance. Henry, who had narrowly watched all his movements, saw him, previously to going to bed, take down and examine his pistols, which he afterwards laid within reach, that they might be readily seized in case of surprise. This promised to render Henry's attempt in no small degree dangerous, but did not shake his resolution to incur whatever risk might accompany the effort to regain his liberty.

In a short time after Crawford extinguished his lamp, Henry had audible evidence that his keeper was no longer awake. He did not move immediately, however, as he thought it probable that Crawford might feign to be asleep, in order to ascertain whether his prisoner entertained any intention of

making his escape. He remained quiet for nearly an hour, and then, being fully satisfied that Crawford was sleeping, he arose cautiously, and proceeded, with as little noise as possible, towards the next apartment. He succeeded in reaching his saddle-bags without alarming his host, but at the next moment the snoring suddenly ceased, and he heard Crawford rise in his bed, as if to listen for a repetition of the sound which had awakened him. Total darkness prevailed within the room, and Carleton stood perfectly still, in the hope that Crawford would soon lie down again, and fall asleep. This expectation was not realized. Once aroused Crawford was not content to believe himself mistaken, until he should ascertain, beyond the possibility of doubt, that his prisoner was still in bed. He listened, therefore, but for a few seconds, and then crawled towards the pallet which Henry had occupied. The latter now perceived that his absence would inevitably be discovered, and on hearing Crawford utter the word "Gone!" he raised the canvass and dashed towards the door. He made his way, with some difficulty, over the sleeping men with whom the floor was covered, overset the table which stood in his path, and, stumbling over Mariner, fell headlong to the ground. He was not sooner down, than he felt himself grasped by a man whom his fall had awakened, and who held him with the power of a vice. He succeeded in rising, however; but the man, who now heard the voice of Crawford, gained a firmer hold of his body, and cried for assistance.

Carleton saw that he had but a moment to improve, and that he must extricate himself in the twinkling of an eye, or his attempt to escape would certainly be frustrated. He heard Crawford making his way towards him, while others lying around, alarmed at the confusion, were already stirring. The latter circumstance, by impeding the progress of their chief, was of signal advantage to the fugitive, and added a few seconds to the limited time that was left, to break away from the powerful fellow who encompassed him in his arms.

Henry was not the man to yield, without an effort, to unexpected difficulties. Although the action of one of his arms was obstructed by his saddle-bags, which hung over it, he succeeded in wresting himself so far from the grasp of his adversary, as to obtain the power of commencing offensive operations with good effect. He dealt some powerful blows with great rapidity, and caused the fellow to relax his hold; when, availing himself of the advantage he had gained, he finished the business with a tremendous blow upon the man's face, which sent him prostrate upon the floor. Thus once more at liberty, but with Crawford at that instant within a few feet of him, Henry sprang towards the entrance, raised the canvass, and, with a bound, found himself on the little cleared spot in front of the house. He crossed the glade towards the river, and having turned the point of the high bushes before alluded to, as extending nearly to the water, he scrambled over the wet and slippery rocks, and gained the thick woods, closely followed by his swift and reso-

lute pursuer. He made his way through the b and saplings that on every hand obstructed his sage, and pushed on, without knowing exactly ther he was going; intent only, for the time, on ing the house and its inmates as far behind h possible. He still heard Crawford at a little di in his rear, who, not being able to see the ob his pursuit, was sufficiently guided by the r of the leaves to follow, without much dev from Henry's track. Thus he continued, pressed, for the distance of several hundred every moment losing ground in consequence ignorance of the woods, and becoming, at step of his progress, more and more perplex the increasing thickness of the bushes and t vines. Crawford's intimate knowledge of the gave him so decided an advantage over Ca that he made his way through the obstruction greater facility, and gained very rapidly on the perienced fugitive.

Perceiving that the danger of recapture wa becoming imminent, Henry, as the last resor recourse to statagem. He was then in a part woods in which it was utterly impossible to c any object at the distance of four feet, in quence of the darkness and the immense b leaves and limbs that encompassed him. H therefore, obliged to feel his way, turning right or left to avoid the trees, as occasion rec As the only means left him of effecting his e he determined to stop short, place himself be tree, and trust to that and the obscurity the

vailed, to shield him from the eagle eyes of his pursuer. Just as he had concluded to venture upon the experiment, he stumbled over the trunk of a tree, which lay directly across his path, and fell to the ground. The bole of the tree was large, and being partly supported by the boughs, there was a space of twelve inches between it and the earth. It instantly occurred to him, that this trunk would serve to conceal him, should his fall not have been noticed by Crawford. It was now too late to think of rising and continuing his flight, even for a short distance, for his pursuer was within ten paces of the spot where he lay. He accordingly stretched himself parallel with the tree, at the same time getting under the trunk, as far as the narrow space would permit. So much of his body was then left exposed, that he was liable to be trodden upon, unless his pursuer should leap over the bole, in which case Carleton might remain untouched.

In a few seconds Crawford was so near that Henry could have touched his feet. He paused at the tree and listened, but all was silent, except the rustling of the leaves, caused by the wind. He muttered a tremendous oath, and stamped violently on the ground, in his vexation at finding the chase had given him the slip. After a moment's delay, he placed his hands upon the trunk and sprang over it, clearing Henry only by a finger's length. He then continued the pursuit, and in a short time was out of hearing.

Henry now breathed freely, and finding himself released, for a time at least, from the danger of

being retaken, he rose, seated himself upon the trunk, and began to consider what was next to be done. The only difficulty that seemed formidable was, how, with his heavy luggage, he should manage to cross the water between the island and main land. This promised to cause him no little perplexity. Fertile in expedients, however, he was confident of finding some means of transporting himself to the other shore; but if he should be disappointed, he thought that he could swim the distance, without much trouble, even with the encumbrance of his baggage and clothes.

He then proceeded cautiously towards the inside of the island, keeping a most vigilant look-out to prevent falling into the clutches of Crawford. He was so fortunate, however, as to steer entirely clear of him, nor did he see him again until he was entirely beyond his reach.

On gaining the shore, Henry was agreeably surprised to find there the same boat in which he had been conveyed to the island. It was lying upon a small sand-beach, but so near to the water, that he succeeded in launching her, though not without much difficulty, nor till after repeated efforts. Fortunately several oars were discovered under a neighboring bush, two of which he seized, sprung into the boat, and pulled lustily for the opposite shore. When about two-thirds of the way over, he saw Crawford approach the spot which he had just left, and, after standing there a few moments, turn into the woods and disappear.

Having thus effected his escape, Henry took the

luggage upon his arm, and ascended the hill to the road which led to the house of his friend Mr. Stafford. On gaining the summit, he could not forbear pausing, to enjoy the beauty of the scene that lay spread before him. The storm had ceased, and the moon and stars were bright in an almost cloudless sky. A gentle breeze, sufficient only to stir the leaves, blew with refreshing coolness from the west, and the dark-blue waters of the sound, so recently agitated by the violence of the wind, had sunk, as it were, to repose, and presented to the eye a broad, smooth, and glittering expanse. The islets, with their mass of woods, lay quietly upon its bosom, throwing their dark shadows upon the surrounding water. The murmur of the light waves that washed the shores could be distinctly heard, while the chirping of the crickets, the occasional hoot of the owl, and the sighing of the night-breeze, were the only sounds that disturbed the otherwise unbroken silence.

He stood in the shade of a noble sycamore, and with a feeling of pensiveness contemplated the quiet and repose of nature, whose aspect had undergone so agreeable a change, as if to compensate him, with an exhibition of her charms, for the rude assaults to which she had so recently subjected him. The waters—the woods, with their myriads of stirring leaves—the glittering of the moon-beams upon the waves—the moon itself, and stars, and sky, and milky way, were gazed upon with a subdued and melancholy pleasure. There was something, too, even in the complaining notes of the owl, and in

the more pleasant voices of the army of insects, blending with the soft and mellow music of the shores, indescribably charming to one so susceptible to the influence of all rural sights and sounds. No human habitation was in view—no eye, perhaps, was near him that was not closed in sleep:—all around him seemed a vast, unbroken solitude.

Yet were his thoughts not wholly occupied with what was then to be seen and heard. He visited, in imagination, a being of surpassing loveliness, whom, before the setting of another sun, he should see, and hear, and adore; whose beauty would feed the flame it had long before kindled, and whose voice seemed to him more enchanting than the music of the spheres. He thought of her as one then reposing with a child-like sweetness, and rapture filled his bosom when he reflected, that before she pressed her couch again, their eyes would once more speak the love which needed not the language of the tongue.

CHAPTER XII.

DESIRING not to arrive at Mr. Stafford's before the inmates were stirring, Carleton remained where we last saw him till the day had fairly dawned. He then struck into the road, and walked leisurely along, having nearly a mile to travel before he would reach the house of his friend.

Mr. Stafford's residence was a plain one, and similar to many that may be seen at the present day in the vicinity of New York. It was situated upon a slight eminence, about two hundred yards from the road, in the middle of a beautiful green, comprising, perhaps, two acres of ground. From the road to the door were two winding paths, and a straight one that ran between them to the gate, on the margins of all which grew a variety of flowers and shrubs, the objects of Alice's particular care. In front of the house stood a number of ornamental trees of different kinds, which had been planted by the builder of the house, (the grandfather of Mr. Stafford,) and which had now attained sufficient size to afford an agreeable shade, and to give to the mansion the appearance of being deeply embowered among a mass of leaves.

The building itself was more remarkable for length than for height, and from the road appeared

to be but of one story. The roof projected a short distance over the front, forming a shed, to which, from a piazza that extended the whole length of the house, a row of slender pillars arose, intended to be rather ornamental than useful. These were covered with flowering vines. The exterior of this mansion was singularly neat, while the grounds about it were highly cultivated, and all the accessories kept in perfect order under the superintendence of its tasteful owners—presenting an appearance which comprehended simplicity, beauty, and comfort.

The interior well corresponded with its external aspect, and was such as to answer the expectations which a stranger, on approaching it, would have been led to form. The entrance was directly in the middle of the house, and, on opening the door, a wide corridor, or hall, was seen, on each side of which were several large rooms. One of them, the largest, was a parlor, or withdrawing-room, and the others were an ordinary sitting-room and bed-chambers. The walls of the corridor were ornamented with maps of different sizes, and with some pictures of considerable merit, which Mr. Stafford had procured in Europe.

In the midst of this hall arose a broad staircase, which led to two suites of bed-rooms, finished directly under the roof, with a passage running between them the whole length of the house. It will be necessary to remember this, in order to comprehend a future portion of our tale. One extremity of this passage communicated with a pair of stairs

which led into the kitchen, and the other was terminated by a small room, ten or twelve feet square, which Alice had appropriated to her own exclusive use.

Carleton's knock was immediately answered by a negro, called by the classic name Cato. He was the property of Mr. Stafford, and had a wife and family, who likewise belonged to the same gentleman. He was about fifty years of age, but there was nothing in his personal appearance which requires notice, excepting, perhaps, that the peculiarities of his race were in him somewhat exaggerated; that is to say, his skin was darker, his lips thicker, and his heels were more projecting than is common. When a boy, he had belonged to Mr. Stafford's father, and, at one period of his life, had been the playfellow of his present master. When he grew up, he discovered that the family of Mr. Stafford were among the gentry of the county, and he appropriated to himself a good share of the respectful treatment they received from the people around them.

Cato Stafford, as he was universally called, was considered by the negroes of that vicinity a very proud man. He was exceedingly neat in his dress, which consisted, for the most part, of his master's cast-off clothing; and, as he was exempt from doing any thing in the fields, he felt himself, in virtue of that circumstance and his master's high standing, infinitely above all others of his class. He had been taught to read, write, and cypher—accomplishments which few other negroes possessed, and

which assisted to keep alive his feeling of superiority. If there was any difference, in Cato's estimation, between himself and his owner, it consisted in the trifling distinction, that one was white and the other black. He knew, it is true, that he belonged to Mr. Stafford, but he seemed to regard this connection as a bond of union between them, which affected both in precisely the same manner. He was accustomed to speak his mind freely to every member of the family, but he always did it respectfully, unless he was particularly displeased, when he would sometimes take the freedom to scold. These angry tirades, as they were not regarded, were seldom made the subject of reproof.

He was as much attached to the members of the family as he was to his own children; indeed, he considered all as forming one little community, of which every member stood almost upon the same level. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that his attachment was reciprocated by the Staffords; for, having always lived with him under the same roof, it could hardly be otherwise.

Cato entertained the same political sentiments as his master, and, consequently, was as thorough a Tory as the country afforded. From the conversations to which he had been a listener, he had formed a very bad opinion of the Whigs in general, and of Washington in particular, to whom he daily, and almost hourly, wished every sort of ill luck. He felt so much interested in the war, that he seemed, at last, to think of little else, and was in the constant practice of talking about it, whenever he could find

any body to join him. He was the oracle of the kitchen, where white and black listened with intense curiosity to the information which he had picked up in the parlor, and carefully treasured for the benefit of his little auditory.

On opening the door, Cato, with whom Henry was a decided favorite, said, "How de do, Massa Carleton, glad to see him—walk in, walk in—massa not yet up, but no matter for dat—how does he do to-day?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Cato. This is strange time of day to make a visit—don't you think so, Cato?"

The negro laughed most heartily, as he always did when any thing amused him; and in doing so, showed a line of regular white teeth, of which many had envied him the possession.

"Well, don't know," replied the black, "guess massa Carleton welcome most any time; but our folks spected him yesterday arternoon."

"And I fully expected to be here then," observed Henry, "but, unfortunately, I was like the man in the Bible, whom you have heard your mistress read about—I fell among thieves."

"O, Guy!" exclaimed Cato, his eyes as large as saucers, "you don't say! 'Twas them are Whigs—I'll be bound it was, massa Carleton—they're the biggest debbils on arth."

"You think they are, do you, Cato?" said Henry smiling, "well if you will show me to a room, I'll endeavor to put myself in order for breakfast."

"To be sure, to be sure, massa," said Cato over-

joyed at this arrival, and anticipating, no doubt, as an important consequence, a considerable addition to his stock of news; "come this way, massa Carleton, I'll show you de room, and den tell massa and missus you is here. Dare, walk in, ebbery ting is ready for you. Fell among tieves, eh? What debbles dem Whigs is! Dey sartainly will be de ruin of de country, if we don't put em down with a strong hand."

This last remark had become a very common one with Cato, and, like most others which he frequently used, had been borrowed from his master. The worthy negro then bestirred himself to render Carleton all the assistance he required, taking his coat, hat, and boots, away to give them a thorough brushing, and returning them in much less time than could have been expected by one acquainted with Cato's habitually deliberate manner of performing his duties. He then informed Mr. Stafford and his lady of the arrival of their guest, and having good reasons for suspecting that his young mistress would not be displeased at the news, he forthwith went to her chamber, and knocked as lightly as if he were afraid of awaking the fair occupant. The rap was answered by a sweet voice within, which Henry overheard, and as her words fell like music upon his ear, a joy most exquisite thrilled the inmost recesses of his bosom. In an instant, every motion was arrested, and he was like a statue, motionless and fixed to the floor on which he stood; with every thought and feeling absorbed in the ecstasy which a few syllables from the lips

of her he loved, had suddenly produced. His blood seemed to course with lightning velocity through his veins—the throbbing of his heart was so violent as to be almost painful—while his bosom was filled with such rapture, as can be experienced only under the influence of a first and ardent love.

“What is it, Cato?” inquired the young lady, opening the door a very little way, but standing out of view; “what have you to tell me this morning?”

“Miss Alice,” replied the honest black in a very low tone, “what you tink?—massa Carleton come. Guy! he’s had a hard time on’t I tell you—”

“I shall come down very soon, Cato,” said Alice sweetly; “there, let me shut the door, and do you attend to Mr. Carleton’s wants.”

“Miss Alice—Miss Alice,” said Cato, gently pushing the door so far open, as to show the young lady the point of his black nose, and obliging her to exercise a little force to prevent the entrance of his entire head; “massa Carleton say he fell ’mong tieves like the man in Scriptor. Dese Whigs, Miss Alice, plays de debble wid ebberry ting.”

“They won’t trouble you, Cato,” said Alice laughing, “so let me shut the door.”

Cato then withdrew, muttering curses on the Whigs, and having ascertained that Henry no longer required his aid, went to the kitchen, where, on the slight foundation which the Scripture quotation afforded him, he contrived, by drawing largely on his imagination, to make a most interesting

story. The wonderful narrative he terminated with the usual asseveration, that "de Whigs would sar-tainly be de ruin ob us all, if we don't put em down with a strong hand." Having thus put his fellow servants in a state of astonishment at the audacity of the king's enemies, this purveyor-general of news repaired to Carleton's chamber, and escorted him to the parlor, proud, in his master's absence, to do the honors of the house to a favorite guest. Henry thanked Cato for his attention, receiving a low bow in reply, and seating himself by the window, took up a book which he began to peruse. After reading a page or two, he accidentally cast his eyes towards the door, and, to his surprise, saw the negro still there, apparently waiting for further orders.

"I shall trouble you no longer, Cato, my good man," said Henry very pleasantly, by way of giving him his discharge, "you may go now if you wish."

"Tank you, massa," replied Cato grinning, yet looking as if he had something to say, but doubted the propriety of doing so; "I would make bold to ask massa Carleton, what de news in York be. Dey say bout these parts, dat Howe gwine to turn Washington neck and heels out de city—Be dat so, Massa Carleton?"

"I believe it is," replied Henry, much amused at the interest in the war felt by the negro, and willing to say something which he knew would please him, "I have no doubt that will happen very soon."

"Good!" exclaimed Cato, showing his teeth, and slapping his hands together with such violence, that the noise reverberated through the hall like the report of a small pistol; "oh, it do my heart good to hear dis—now de rebels gwine to take it I knows—huzza for king George!"

Saying this, he withdrew in an ecstasy of delight, and, as usual, hastened away to the kitchen and disburdened himself of his fresh freight of news; adding what was necessary to season and render it extremely palatable to his attentive hearers.

Alone in the parlor, where he remained nearly half an hour before the family made their appearance, Carleton had an opportunity of indulging his anticipations of the happiness which he expected to enjoy, while a sojourner under that hospitable roof. He allowed no thoughts to intrude, but those connected with the lovely Alice, who, although he would not confess it to his sister, had long possessed his heart, as fully as it is in the power of beauty to hold in thralldom the affections of one, who has submitted himself without reserve, entirely and forever, to the irresistible influence of its charms. The book which he held had no attractions for him, and although he turned page after page, and ran his eyes closely over the words, his thoughts were too intently engaged upon a far more pleasing theme of contemplation, to admit of his understanding a sentence of what he read. Every sound that he heard in the hall or upon the stairs, startled him as he imagined it to proceed from the footsteps of Alice; and more than once his heart throbbed

violently under the expectation of seeing the lovely vision present itself before him. He felt all the timidity which accompanies first love, before acquaintance has ripened into intimacy, and while the language of the lovers is still that of the eye, rather than of the tongue. What a mysterious affection of the mind, that enchains us to a being more lovely in our view than an angel of light; while at the same moment it inspires us with a childish fear, as if she were a form to be dreaded rather than adored!

It is true that Carleton's acquaintance with Mr. Stafford and his lady had been of long standing; but he had seen less of Alice than might have been expected, considering the intimacy that subsisted between her and Grace. During the preceding four or five years, he had been absent, as we have seen, pursuing his collegiate studies in a distant village; and it was only during the vacations, when they happened to meet in the city, that he had opportunities of seeing her. On two or three occasions, however, he had accompanied his sister to Mr. Stafford's; but these visits had been short, though sufficiently long to deepen his admiration into a feeling of intense love. This passion had continued steadily to increase, till he had come to regard the lady as a divinity whom he scarcely dared approach.—About six months had elapsed since their last meeting, and on Henry's part at least, their next interview so near at hand, was now looked to with emotions such as he had never experienced, but in the presence of his inamorata.

What those feelings were, every reader who has felt the tender passion, will readily understand: to him who has not (if such a person exist), no definition that we could give would be satisfactory.—How the fair one herself felt on this occasion, we shall not attempt to explain, but must leave the reader to infer from conversations with her lover, which we shall accurately report. He will probably find no difficulty in forming a conclusion on this point: as we shall not deviate so far from the practice of other historians, as to leave our readers in doubt concerning the true state of our heroine's heart.

The room in which Henry sat, was furnished in a style which has not yet become entirely obsolete. There is here and there a house which contains the antiquated furniture of that day, owned and used by those who have disregarded fashion, and never attempted to keep pace with its incessant changes. It needs no description, since all must have seen the style of chairs and tables used by their forefathers "sixty years since," differing so materially, in size and structure, from those of our modern drawing-rooms. Mr. Stafford's house was considered, at that time, to be more elegantly furnished than any in that vicinity, and unsurpassed in the costliness of its appointments, by any in the city; yet a belle of the present day, could she see the interior of that parlor, would scarcely think it a place adapted to the reception and entertainment of her fashionable friends. The heavy, unwieldy chairs, she would consider as poor substitutes for the lighter and more tasteful inventions of the

French artist; nor would she consent to appropriate to the massive tables, the space now filled with ottomans, statuary and divans.

The walls of Mr. Stafford's parlor, were garnished with several paintings of merit, and among them were two executed by Mrs. Stafford, when she was a maiden of seventeen. These were copies of what may have been, and probably were, good originals; and the subjects were drawn from the New Testament. A severe critic would, doubtless, have found much to condemn both in the drawing and coloring, since inferior judges did not fail to perceive, that there was little in them to admire. The head of our Saviour in one, was twice the size that it ought to have been, while in the other it was much too small; as if the fair artist had intended, that both together should contain the requisite material for two well proportioned heads. But this was not the only faulty member: the arms, unfortunately, were long enough to have enabled him to fasten his knee-buckles, (had such things been worn,) without stooping in the slightest degree. The other figures, instead of being represented as standing at different distances from the spectator, seemed, from the total want of perspective, to be arranged against a stone-wall, of which the back ground was an accidental, and no bad representation. Other defects, equally striking, caused the beholder to smile, and to wonder why specimens of art so inferior in all respects, should be allowed to occupy conspicuous places, among pictures of more than ordinary excellence. No person, how-

ever, could be more sensible of their inferiority than Mr. Stafford; but he valued them on account of their association with the sweet reminiscences of his courtship—a period which he remembered with peculiar pleasure, as embracing some of the most joyous hours of his life. Those pictures had hung in the room in which the future Mrs. Stafford was accustomed to receive her intended, and of course had been nightly seen by him; but he did not then permit himself to dwell upon anything but their beauties, few as they were, although even to the partial eyes of a devoted lover, their weak points must have been sufficiently obvious. For these reasons, Mr. Stafford insisted upon their being hung in his parlor, as a mark of respect to his excellent wife.

Henry extracted some amusement from the defects of those pictures, but he did not permit them to detain him long from the more pleasing task of examining and admiring several drawings and other tasteful works, executed by the fair fingers of the accomplished Alice. Every thing from her hands was a matter of interest in the eyes of her admirer; indeed, all the articles in the room, even to the carpet which had been so often pressed by her fairy feet, were regarded by him with something like curiosity, as if they might have differed materially, from those he had been accustomed to see. He was almost disposed to envy them their situation, where they were blessed with the presence of a lovely and innocent girl; while he who adored her, had considered himself happy when chance

allowed him but a few moments' enjoyment of her charming society.

During the short time that elapsed before the family made their appearance, Henry, in dwelling upon the beauty of Alice Stafford, as memory presented her to his mind, and tracing in the objects around him, the evidences of her taste and skill, entirely forgot the occurrences of the preceding day and night; nor was it till he again seated himself by the open window, and cast his eye over the Sound, that he remembered the loss of his horse, his capture by Crawford, and his fortunate escape from the island. His happiness was instantly diminished by the thought of his steed, to which he was much attached. But for that circumstance, he would have enjoyed the lovely scene that presented itself before him; the broad blue sound with its waters sparkling in the sun—the hills on the opposite shore contrasting strongly with the clear sky—the islands with their dark green foliage waving in the morning breeze—all contributing with the aid of a genial atmosphere, to form one of the most enchanting views that a lover of nature could desire to see. Not less attractive were the objects immediately under his eye. The grass enlivened by the recent rains, looked green and fresh—the earth sent up a fragrant smell—and the foliage of the trees and shrubs, seemed to derive new life and vigor from the joint influence of the sun, and of the crystal drops that sparkled on their surface. If inanimate nature thus felt and acknowledged the power of the balmy breeze, the air, and the sun,

not less joyous were the birds that flitted from branch to branch, chaunting their unceasing and melodious song, as if they would indemnify themselves for a day of clouds and storm, by the highest enjoyment of that brilliant morn. Even Tray the faithful dog of Mr. Stafford, grown old in the service of his master, but still capable of a thrill of pleasure, lay in the sunshine, wagging his tail, and apparently diverted by the gambols of two kittens that disported themselves before him. The flowers that adorned the enclosure, while their colors seemed deepened and freshened by the rain, gave out a most delightful odor, and their beauty was enhanced in the view of Henry, by the circumstance of his recent confinement to the city. In a word, everything he saw and heard was so lovely, that he could almost fancy that nature had purposely assumed her most pleasing guise, and called upon her minstrels for their exquisite music, to captivate his eye and ear, and win him to the quiet, undisturbed fruition of her charms.

The house, standing on an eminence, commanded a fine view of the Sound, which, directly opposite, is several miles in width. Looking to the east, you perceive that it rapidly widens till it becomes, in extent, like an inland sea, of which a considerable portion is bounded only by the sky. The land of Long Island visible from that point, varies in height from a flat shore to hills of some magnitude, from one of which, the ocean, with an extensive tract of surrounding country, can be seen. Their wavy outline against a cloudless sky, particularly when

they assume a purple hue, adding in some degree the advantage of mountain scenery to the picture, affords the admiring eye that relief which it naturally seeks, when its gaze is thrown over a level and extended surface.

Henry was earnestly engaged in surveying the beauties of the scene, when Mr. Stafford entered the room. That gentleman was about fifty years of age, but looked considerably younger, having scarcely a wrinkle in his face, or a gray hair upon his temples. He was indebted to an admirable constitution for this exemption from the ravages of time—an exemption with which few are favored in so great a degree, over whom half a century has flown with its withering influence. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, though rather inclined to be slender, and his head was one of ample dimensions, having that peculiar conformation which leads the beholder to form an exalted opinion of its intellectual power. His eyes were black and piercing, his features large, but regular, and the expression of his countenance, when in repose, was decidedly stern, corresponding to the strength and severity of his character. His manners were highly polished, and he had the faculty of rendering himself a most agreeable companion. Possessing a cultivated mind, and conversational powers of the highest order, his converse, when he chose to exert himself, was not less instructive than entertaining. He had, moreover, a great fund of humor, which, when so disposed, he would draw upon to the infinite amusement of his friends; but it was sel-

dom that his feelings inclined him to do so, generally preferring to let the sterner traits of his character predominate over the more amiable. This peculiarity, however, rarely showed itself in a way that rendered him disagreeable to his family and others: he was at such times, only taciturn and imperturbably grave. His wit was such that few could foil him, and those who had rashly engaged him, and felt the sting of his sarcasm, had no disposition to renew the encounter.

Mr. Stafford was of English descent. His grandfather, early in life, came from England, settled in the vicinity of New York, and soon after purchased the estate which was inherited by his son the father of Hugh Stafford. The latter gentleman being one of two brothers to whom the estate, then considerably augmented by the thrift and prudence of their father, had descended, very soon came into possession of the whole, by the death of his brother who died without issue. In early life he had been well prepared for college, having been designed for one of the liberal professions; but possessing a stubborn, uncontrollable disposition, and a natural aversion to study, he persisted, against the remonstrances of his excellent father, in indulging in idleness and dissipation, and almost entirely neglecting his books.—To such an extent did he carry this course of conduct, that he was under the necessity of leaving college, before the expiration of the first twelve months.

After a wild career of several years, during which he was intimately acquainted with Ralph Carle-

ton and his brother Reginald, but more particularly with the latter, he suddenly and most unexpectedly reformed, and became as noted for steadiness and sobriety, as he had previously been, for the irregularity of his habits. Ashamed of having so long neglected his studies, and determined to make up for lost time, he resumed them under able teachers, and applied himself with untiring assiduity. This intense application was continued for three years, at the end of which period, as he had started on a good foundation, he found himself a tolerable scholar. He then commenced a course of legal studies in conjunction with his literary pursuits; but as he had never intended to practise law, he did not pursue that subject to any great extent. His fortune was ample, and being fond of agriculture, he superintended the cultivation of his farm; alternating this agreeable employment, with those of a more intellectual character.

In company with Reginald Carleton he made the tour of Europe, where he passed about two years in studying the languages, and examining the remains of antiquity; but it was during a part only of that period, that he was associated with Mr. Carleton, from whom a misunderstanding caused him to separate. This quarrel also alienated the friendship of Ralph, and created that coolness between him and Mr. Stafford, to which we have before alluded.

Hugh Stafford, we have observed, was a thorough Tory. He had very early interested himself in the dispute with the mother-country, and as the

Difficulties increased, his feelings against the revolutionists gathered strength. He denounced them in no measured terms, and accustomed to speak his mind freely, never hesitated to express his opinions in the boldest language he could command. His being surrounded by American troops, did not deter him from talking without reserve upon that exciting subject, with whomsoever he might happen to be in conversation. In this he differed from many others, who, although secretly in favor of England, and approving the English policy, took no part in the war, nor let their opinions be known. No such prudential measures governed Mr. Stafford, and he was often heard to declare, that he would continue to denounce the rebels, if he were absolutely certain, that it would result in losing every dollar he possessed, and being left with his family dependent upon the charity of the world. This was no empty boast as all his friends whether Whig or Tory could testify, who were accustomed to hear him express his abhorrence of the revolutionists and their cause. So warm were his feelings, and so indignant was he that men should have the audacity to rebel against their lawful sovereign, that he more than once affirmed, that, if it were in his power, he would at one blow, annihilate every man who had taken up arms in support of the revolution.

At the time of which we write, other Tories, including the more timid among them, had increased the plainness of their speech, and no longer scrupled to speak, without reserve, on the subject of

the war. The battle of Long Island had given them confidence in the ultimate triumph of the British arms; indeed they already regarded the struggle as approaching its termination, in the complete re-establishment of the royal authority. But in proportion as others talked more boldly, Mr Stafford gradually became more quiet. Since the moment he heard of the signal overthrow which the Americans sustained on the Island, he had said but little, as if he might have considered the fact too despicable for further notice. He detested the caution which his prudent Tory friends had observed with a view to ascertain to which side the fortune of war would incline, before they openly took a decided part in the contest; and it was to act as differently from them as possible, and to show that he despised the revolutionists too much to fear them that he had made it a practice, from the beginning to express himself as boldly as was consonant to his feelings, without regard to the presence of any of opposite political sentiments. It was a subject which, in his opinion, authorized, in every loyalist the most energetic and decided language; inasmuch as he looked upon the effort to establish the independence of the colonies, as one of the greatest crimes of which a subject of Britain could be guilty.

Such was Hugh Stafford at whose residence our hero is now a welcome visiter.

CHAPTER XIII.

STAFFORD, with that high-bred air which distinguished him, advanced to his young friend, taking him warmly by the hand, gave him a gratifying reception. He was that morning in the best possible humor, and seemed to desire that good feeling and smiles should prevail within, and respond with the sunshine, warmth, and cheer without. After the usual inquiries, in relation to the family of Mr. Carleton, Mr. Stafford, holding both Henry's hands between his own, said:

"Our message, by our neighbor Le Count, was delivered, and gave us reason to expect you this day morning; but as you did not make your appearance, we concluded that you had been prevented by the rain. You are an early riser, sir, if you came from home this morning."

"What I have not done," replied Henry, "for I yesterday stopped on the road by one of your servants, who insisted upon my accompanying him to his own residence, from which I last night started, with considerable difficulty, in making my escape."

"To astonish me!" said Mr. Stafford; "pray try yourself."

Henry then entered into a detailed account of what had occurred from the moment of his arrival at the inn, and concluded by warning his host to be prepared to ward off any attack that might be made by Crawford and his companions.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Stafford; "I fear not the cowardly rascals, and would undertake, single-handed, to defend my house against a score of them. There is no greater evil to be apprehended than the occasional robbing of a hen-roost, or something of that sort; and even from such pillage they would be frightened away by the crowing of a dunghill cock. The army of Washington is good for little else than to commit such depredations, and certainly a man of courage has nothing to fear from the machinations of those Whig vagabonds that infest our shores."

Henry felt the blood rise to his cheeks on hearing this allusion to the army, but he gave no expression to his feelings, having previously determined not to allow himself to be drawn into a dispute, if it could possibly be avoided. He was aware of Mr. Stafford's unyielding loyalty, and of that peculiarity of disposition which led him to speak his sentiments freely and openly on the subject of the war; and he saw the necessity of commanding his temper, in order to avoid a controversy which would excite unpleasant feelings, and probably abridge his visit. He did not mean, however, to conceal his own opinions, or to yield his right to defend, in a proper manner, the acts and principles of the Whigs; as he had too much independence to be willing, under

any circumstances to remain silent, when he felt himself called upon to speak. He forbore therefore, to make any reply to the offensive part of Mr. Stafford's remarks, although an answer rose to his lips, which, if he had uttered it, would doubtless have terminated their friendship forever. He subsequently felt pleased with himself for this forbearance, and rejoiced to find that he possessed so much self-command.

"You may be mistaken," said he calmly, as if he had heard nothing objectionable, "in the character of the men, for whom I have warned you to be prepared. I believe Crawford to possess the courage of a tiger, and the person associated with him, is by no means to be despised, as I myself can testify. Had you seen them at the tavern, opposed to a round dozen of as stout fellows as the country affords, and observed with how much coolness they fought and routed the whole posse, I think you would acknowledge, that he who relied on their lack of courage, would find himself egregiously deceived."

"Don't be alarmed, Harry," said Mr. Stafford; "a man who puts a flock of sheep to flight, does not establish his reputation for bravery. I warrant me a determined fellow well armed, would capture this Crawford, and all the rascals who compose his band. It shall be tried at all events: for, as I live, I will drive him from that island and the county, if he have a hundred men to oppose me."

"I hope you may succeed," said Henry, "for such lawless fellows should be tolerated by neither

party. The horrors of war arising from the actions of the armies, are sufficiently great, without being augmented by the depredations of those vagabonds, whose only object is the advancement of their individual interests. I thought it my duty, however, to apprize you of what I had heard, that you might at least, be upon your guard."

"I thank you for your warning," observed Mr. Stafford, "but if you remain here long enough, you will find that you have attached too much importance to the plottings of those knaves. Let them attempt to disturb the peace of any family in this vicinity, and we will soon make the country too hot to hold them."

Henry now bethought him of a letter from his father to Mr. Stafford—the first that had passed between them in many years—and withdrew to obtain it. On his return he presented it, and as he did so, remarked a slight change in that gentleman's countenance, which seemed to indicate no inconsiderable degree of satisfaction, at the reception of a letter from his former friend. Mr. Stafford observed, that a communication from Mr. Carleton, the sight of whose writing caused him to remember, with a melancholy pleasure, the days of their intimacy, was so unexpected and gratifying, that he could not forego the happiness of an immediate perusal of its contents. As he read the letter, Henry perceived a shade to pass over his brow, as if the subject were of a less pleasing character than had been anticipated; and when he had finished, he sat a moment in deep thought, apparently somewhat

-disturbed by the tidings he had received. At length his countenance brightened again, and he resumed the conversation by an allusion to the contents of the letter.—“Your father informs me, Harry, (his usual way—when in a cheerful mood—of addressing his friend,) that you are a little, nay, considerably, inclined to the political heresy which prevails among the rebels, and that he hopes I shall be able, during your sojourn here, to bring you back to the true faith. Depend upon it, my boy, I shall do that to the letter; for you are too valuable a subject of his Majesty, to be permitted to array yourself on the side of the enemy. Hear what Mr. Carleton says:”

“Henry has a deeply rooted aversion to every thing that savors of oppression, and whenever he discovers any sign of it, he is sure to interest himself in behalf of those supposed to be oppressed, without stopping to inquire very minutely into the merits of the case. With his generous disposition and ardent feelings, it is not strange that the specious arguments of the rebels, should have made a strong impression on his mind; nor that the complaints, which they have the art of rendering so effective by their eloquence, should have enlisted his sympathies in their favor. Indeed it would be unreasonable to expect in one so young, that mature consideration of the whole subject, which would enable him to perceive the errors of the revolutionists, and the absurdity of their demands. When to his original bias towards the rebels and their cause, we add the fact that his most intimate

friend at college—a Mr. H—who is now a captain in the army—was then disloyal in feeling, it is not surprising that he should have imbibed some of the poison so cunningly disguised in honey. My arguments have failed to have the desired effect, and although I have reason to believe that his opinions are not unalterable, yet such is his predilection in favor of that infamous party, that, unless your efforts should prove successful, I fear he will ultimately act, as well as think, with the enemies of our king. To you then, my dear sir, I confide the important task of bringing Henry back to a sense of his duty as a good and loyal subject; and I do this with the more freedom, because I am aware that he is a favorite with you, and one whom you would be sorry to see in the ranks of your opponents. In your hands, I feel confident he will abandon those principles which are beginning to take root in his breast; for you have the faculty of setting the whole matter before him in such a light, as must convince him of the wickedness of those who are opposing the legitimate authority of Britain.”

“You hear that, Harry,” continued Mr. Stafford folding the letter; “Bring you back?—to be sure I will, and that in a very little while. Now my good sir, you must in future regard yourself as my pupil, and receive implicitly the doctrines I shall teach. What say you?”

“I acknowledge your authority to act *en père*” replied Henry with a smile; “but whether my opinions undergo a change or not, will depend upon

the arguments you may advance. My opinions have not been formed without due deliberation, yet I am open to conviction, and nothing would afford me higher pleasure, than to think with you and my father upon the subject which now agitates the country, and threatens to cost England the brightest jewel in her diadem."

"Tut, tut, man," said Mr. Stafford; "no fear of that. Why in six months Washington will not have men enough at command, to brush the dust from his boots. Already his army is dissolving like an icicle in the sun, and if Howe should get another shot at him, his power of doing evil will be effectually annihilated. The battle of Long Island was their death-blow, Harry, so you may abandon all expectation of seeing, in future, more than a contemptible show of resistance. The *coup de grace* will soon be given, and then all will be quiet again."

"It may be so," said Henry, "but one victory does not always finish the war. You may stun a man with a single blow, without killing or rendering him powerless to destroy you. Fabius was hard pressed by the Carthaginian, but Rome did not surrender."

"But Rome kept her provinces in subjection, though the wrongs they endured were enough to make Heaven itself fight against their oppressors: England will do the same with her colonies, and give the world no reason to tax her with injustice. But here comes Alice."

At that moment the young lady entered the door, looking as blooming as the morning, and, in the

opinion of her admirer, more beautiful than he had previously seen her under the most favorable circumstances. This was indeed true, for she had recently grown more full and symmetrical, which rectified what some considered her only fault, an inclination to be very slender.

Alice Stafford was about seventeen years of age, and in stature was precisely of that height, to which the addition of a single inch, would detract from the justness of her proportions. She was one of those beauties, of whom it is scarcely possible to give even a faint idea, by a mere description of each individual feature, however accurately the portrait may be drawn and colored by the artist's skill. If we should say that her hair was like fibres of burnished gold—her skin so fair and transparent that the finest veins were visible beneath its surface; that her eyes, adorned with lashes darker than her hair, were blue as the canopy above, reflecting from their azure depths, a world of thought and feeling, measureless and profound; that her nose, her mouth, her cheeks, were of that exquisite mould which leaves nothing to be desired in their form and harmony; that her neck, her bust, her figure, corresponded in symmetry, to the almost perfect features of her face; that her feet and hands were of that faultless shape and size, which answer the most fastidious wish; and, in a word, that all these formed a whole of such rare beauty, as might have commanded the admiration of nature herself at the excellence of her handiwork; we should but rehearse a catalogue of her charms, without pre-

senting a shadow of that incomparable loveliness which invested the person of Alice Stafford. There is that in the expression of beauty's eye, in the sweetness of her smile, in the grace of her every motion, which must be seen to be known and felt; and which can no more be described with words, than the brilliancy of the diamond can be represented by the painter's art. The poet may sing of the summer landscape, when the shades of evening are at hand—of the purple hills that catch the last rays of the setting sun—of the clouds and sky resembling molten gold—and of the sweet and shadowy valley, with its pure and winding stream, and flocks and herds, and cottages and bowers; but how weak, how indistinct the picture thus described, compared with its quiet yet sublime original! He may tell us of the lovers' serenade, and of its melting strains that break the silence of the night; but his words are not the melody itself—they sink not into the soul like the music of that lover's voice and lute.

There was a strong likeness between Alice and her father, although the former was of a light, and the latter of a dark complexion. Their features were of the same shape, but hers were much more delicate and soft, like those of a person reflected from certain glasses, which at once reduce the dimensions and render them more beautiful, without, however, impairing their resemblance to the original. There was the same intellectual eye, though of a different color, and the same grave expression of countenance, which coincided with,

and seemed the effect of, a disposition that had a decided tendency to melancholy.

Alice Stafford, it is almost needless to remark, was well educated. She had enjoyed all the advantages which the city at that period afforded, besides receiving instruction from her father in several of the modern languages, in most of which, but particularly in French and Italian, she was a proficient. The former of those tongues she spoke with fluency, and with the latter she was sufficiently familiar, to be able to read the most difficult authors with perfect ease. She was also well skilled in drawing—an art for which she had almost from infancy manifested a remarkable talent, and which, under the tuition of experienced masters, she had cultivated with considerable success.

Miss Stafford's disposition was soft and amiable. She had a most happy faculty of making herself beloved by every body that knew her, and was, consequently, a universal favorite among her numerous friends. Although she was unusually mild, she possessed great depth and strength of mind, which gave her an understanding almost masculine, and rendered her, on more than one occasion, capable of efforts which could hardly have been expected from one of her age and sex.

Despite the difference in their dispositions, she and the lovely sister of Henry Carleton, had been intimate from early childhood. Grace, with an exuberance of animal spirits, was all life and vivacity, talking incessantly in that pleasant vein, which made her an agreeable companion—affec-

tionately attached to her friends, whom she was always studious to serve and please, and with the meekness of a lamb, ever submitting herself to the will and opinions of her parents.—But Alice was more reserved and quiet; and, excepting in every amiable quality, the very opposite of her interesting friend. While she was pursuing her studies in town, they were almost constantly together, and from the period of their quitting school, they had visited each other as often as practicable, and maintained an almost uninterrupted correspondence.

We have seen that Grace had detected in her brother's conduct, certain indications of attachment to Miss Stafford, and that she was very desirous of bringing about an union between them. Henry had endeavored to conceal his inclination to that young lady, but Grace was too sharp-sighted not to discover in his deportment while in the presence of her friend, enough to convince her, that Alice Stafford had inspired him with a deeper and warmer feeling, than the mere admiration which he professed to entertain.

When Alice entered the apartment, a deep blush suffused her cheeks, as Carleton advanced towards her to make his obeisance. A spectator could not have been mistaken in the feelings which, at that moment, predominated in the bosoms of those young persons; nor did Mr. Stafford fail to notice those peculiarities of manner, which, had he not previously suspected an attachment between his daughter and her admirer, must then have made it

quite apparent. That such was the case, his subsequent conduct plainly indicated; for while Henry and Alice were engaged in conversation, he sat silently regarding them, with a serious interest depicted on his countenance. Whether he felt pleased or otherwise at this discovery, it is not in our power to say, as there was nothing in his conduct which manifested the precise character of his feelings. That he was not displeased, we have a right to infer from the fact, that Henry was a favorite with him, and, in every point of view, an eligible match for his daughter; unless, indeed, the inclination to Whig principles which he had betrayed, should be considered an insuperable objection. At that time, however, Mr. Stafford attached little importance to his political opinions, feeling confident of being able to change them;—so that we have reason to believe that his suspicion, amounting almost to conviction, of an attachment subsisting between his young friend and Alice, could have caused him any uneasiness.

The breakfast passed without the occurrence of anything worthy of very particular notice. Mrs. Stafford, who, in her younger days, was considered an extraordinary beauty, and who, at the period of our story, was still one of the most elegant women in the country, sat at the head of the table, and performed her part with ease and grace. Like her daughter, she was a blonde, and so lightly had time dealt with her, that, although on the shady side of forty-five, she looked younger than many ladies do at thirty.

Carleton entertained the family with a minute account of his adventure on the island, without referring to the meditated attack of Crawford and Marriner upon some Tory of that vicinity. Alice listened with intense interest to this account, as she did to everything that fell from Henry's lips; while the manner in which he had effected his escape, in opposition to a superior force, and the imminent danger which, in her opinion, he must have incurred, gave her a high idea of his courage and strength.

During this meal it did not escape the notice of the host, that one of Henry's arms was lame. The sabre-cut which he had received at the capture of the sloop, though simply a flesh wound, was sufficient to diminish the free use of his arm; and on being interrogated by Mr. Stafford as to the cause, he found himself under the necessity of evading the inquiry, or confessing the true state of the case. He was reluctant to do either, but particularly the latter, as he was unwilling at that early stage of his visit, to excite the displeasure of his friend, by informing him of the fact; although he was by no means ashamed of, nor did he in the least regret, the part he had taken in that brilliant affair. He might, without departing from the truth, have made some answer that would have been satisfactory; but this his pride would not suffer him to do, as he felt that he was in no way responsible for his acts to any other than his father. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, he acknowledged that he had received his wound in the capture of

one of his Majesty's sloops in the harbor of New York.

Mr. Stafford, with no little surprise, observed the circumstance of Henry's having already been engaged in such an enterprise, was news to him and expressed the hope, that, like a good subject he had fought on the side of the king.

"Quite the contrary," replied Henry, "I am one of the attacking party. The expedition is commanded by my friend Captain H——, of whom my father spoke in his letter, and who, you are aware, is attached to Washington's army.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Stafford gravely, and evidently with no little feeling; "you have indeed, given Mr. Carleton some reason to be alarmed at conduct so disloyal, and so little to be expected from the son of a good subject of the king."

Henry made no reply to this observation, but the blood mantle upon his cheek, at the liberty which he conceived that his host had taken, in presuming to give him a gentle reprimand. Mr. Stafford perceived that Henry was not pleased with his remark, and after a moment or two of silence during which Alice was unpleasantly affected by her father's observation, he changed the subject, and continued the conversation in a more cheerful vein.—The young lady, however, did not soon recover her usual tone of feeling, as she could not help regarding this as the commencement of a misunderstanding, which she feared, would be frequently renewed by the hot temper of her father. She

prehended serious consequences from repeated alterations of this nature between Mr. Stafford and his guest, and the anticipation which she indulged of such a result, made her, for awhile, extremely unhappy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE remainder of that day, Henry spent either in the society of the whole family, or in that of Mr. Stafford alone, with whom he rambled over the estate, and who, on that occasion, employed all his great powers for the entertainment of his friend. —He unlocked the stores of his knowledge, pouring it forth in profuse abundance, clothed in language so beautiful and so appropriate, that Henry was fascinated, while, at the same time, he was astonished, by the erudition and talents of the speaker. —No allusion was made to the war, though it was a topic on which Mr. Stafford was of late so much in the practice of discoursing, that he rarely held a colloquy of ten minutes' duration, without making it the subject of remark.

On the third day after Henry's arrival, two other gentlemen were added to the little circle at the Woods. One of them was the parson of the village, a tall thin man, who had seen more than forty years, and who rejoiced in the name of Peleg Strong. Peleg was born in the state of Connecticut, and in consequence of a pious disposition; and the supposed possession of more than ordinary talents, had been educated with a view to the church. In due time he fulfilled the wishes of his

parents, so far as to take his place in the pulpit, but we have reason to doubt, whether he ever answered the extravagant expectations they had formed from the slender abilities he possessed. Not finding sufficient encouragement in his native state, he concluded to emigrate—as thousands of his countrymen have since done—and stop at the first place which promised to appreciate and cherish him; or, to speak in mercantile phrase, he set out with a determination to carry his talents, learning, and religion, to a better market than he found at home.—Bundling up his clothes with a few books, but especially a small Bible presented to him by his mother, and mounting a lean nag which his father had given to him, together with a handful of silver, he started upon his journey, with that degree of confidence in success, which generally animates the bosom of the enterprising emigrants from Connecticut.

Without detaining the reader with a description of his wanderings, we will simply mention that he settled near the residence of Mr. Stafford, who became in some sort his patron, and through whose influence, Mr. Strong obtained a small Presbyterian church, with the pastoral care of a limited, but respectable flock. Mr. Stafford did not belong to that denomination, but his attention having been accidentally attracted to Peleg, in a way which excited some interest in his behalf, he undertook to advance the temporal affairs of his protégé, and succeeded in establishing him, much to the worthy man's satisfaction, in the church to which we have alluded.

Peleg soon commenced visiting his patron occasionally, and although he was an eccentric man, and sometimes made himself amusingly ridiculous, he contrived to render his visits tolerable, though they may not have been, at all times, very cordially received. He studied the humor, disposition, and prejudices of Mr. Stafford, and made it a point never to contradict him, or to advance an opinion contrary to that which he entertained. If he ever chanced to do so without knowing Mr. Stafford's sentiments, he invariably so altered or qualified the expression, as to make it appear that he did not materially differ from his friend.—If that gentleman happened to stand alone in an argument, he never failed to receive the support of Peleg Strong, who, in his own peculiar way, would enter into the controversy with great zeal, and generally, with a superabundance of words. From his conduct, it would seem as if he regarded Mr. Stafford and his wife, as beings of a superior order, to whom he was bound to show the greatest possible deference and respect. This obsequiousness of the parson, was sufficiently amusing to them; but they ascribed it to his gratitude for the service which Mr. Stafford had rendered him, in procuring the small living of which he was then in possession.

Peleg Strong was in some respects, an ambitious man. Doubtless, he sincerely thanked his friend for past benefits, but his gratitude was not the only cause of his excessive civility. He was not contented in his domestic loneliness. He had a scheme in his head, on which, for more than twelve months,

he had been seriously reflecting; and in proportion as the success of it became, in his view, more probable, did he increase his attention to Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, as one, and in his opinion, the best means of compassing his plans. It was not that he was dissatisfied with his salary, nor that he felt himself moving in a narrower sphere than he was qualified to fill; so far as it appeared, he aspired to no more conspicuous position in his pious calling, nor did he ever say anything, from which his friends could infer, that he was not perfectly happy in the station he occupied. There was, nevertheless, a reason for Peleg's greater thoughtfulness—for his more frequent visits to Mr. Stafford's—and for that decided falling off in his attention to his parochial duties, of which his congregation had begun to complain. There was a reason for his solicitude about his personal appearance—the daily brushing of his black threadbare coat and pantaloons—the nicer darning of sundry little rents—the more careful tying of his white cravat—the attempt at something like a tasteful adjustment of his hair—and, in a word, the endeavor to make himself look more loveable in the eyes of a certain female, who seemed little inclined to regard him with favor.

Peleg Strong was in love. He had been a visiter in the family when Alice was but a mere child, and had watched her progress towards womanhood, without thinking of her as one whom he would like at some future period to marry, till about a year previous to the time of which we are writing, when, on her return from the city after a few months ab-

sence, he suddenly discovered that she was indeed a most lovely creature, and in all respects, worthy to become the wife of Parson Strong. Having conceived the bold design of wooing the maiden, he began to regulate his conduct accordingly; and as the first step in the progress of this great undertaking, he corrected, as far as possible, certain little defects in his exterior, so that the eyes of his lady-love should not be offended, when she came to contemplate him as her devoted admirer. He then brought himself more frequently than ever into her society, endeavoring to converse with her tête-à-tête as often as he could; but Alice disliked these private interviews, because she was averse to being left alone with a person, who conducted himself so strangely in her presence.

Mr. and Mrs. Stafford never for a moment suspected that Mr. Strong entertained a passion for their daughter. When they were present, he managed so to control his admiration, as to prevent it from being visible to their eyes; but when they were not observing him, he would venture to fix his large orbs upon Alice's countenance, and enjoy the blush which his gaze called into her cheeks. But it was when he happened to be alone with her, that he played the lover in so novel a style. He had not told his love, it is true, for it would seem that his purpose was, not to hazard a confession, until he had so charmed the lady with his irresistible manners and conversation, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him. He would sit bolt upright for a time, gazing intently upon her features, and

apparently lost in admiration of the beauty which he beheld; and then, in a tone of voice similar to that in which we are accustomed to address children, he would speak to her upon ordinary topics, without venturing to hint at the feelings which warmed his bosom. Sometimes, with an air of great wisdom, he would dilate upon religious, literary, or scientific subjects, in order to inspire her with an exalted idea of his learning and talents; while at others, he would condescend in a way which he imagined to be quite captivating, to talk of her own little occupations—her embroidery, drawing, or gardening—as if he wished to flatter her, by making her his instructress in those arts.

During these interviews so interesting to the parson, he managed to contract the muscles of his cheeks in such a way, as to exhibit something like a smile in the region of the mouth; and under the pretence of examining her work more closely, he would draw his chair as near to hers as propriety permitted, letting his arm rest as if by mere accident, within an inch or two of her neck.

All this management, however, did not succeed as he intended, though Peleg, in his simplicity, thought that the work was going bravely on, and never for a moment suspected, that there could be the slightest question of ultimate success. He did not, to be sure, receive those evidences of affection on her part, which lovers naturally look for; but this he ascribed to two reasons, first, a degree of bashfulness which prevented her manifesting all she felt; secondly, that, as he had not yet orally declared

his love, she could not with propriety evince that his affection was returned. He did at times think, however, that she might have favored him with a loving look or two—a smile or something of that sort, by way of showing that she was not insensible to his charms, and to those signs of attachment which she could not have failed to observe; but he reasoned himself into the belief, that all was working together for good, and that, in due time, he should have the happiness of clasping her to his bosom, as his beautiful and affectionate wife.

The happy current of the parson's feelings was destined to be interrupted in accordance with the poet's declaration, that the course of true love never did run smooth. A rival soon appeared in the person of a Mr. Julian Melville, son of a gentleman residing in that neighborhood, and the same who had an interview with Henry Carleton on the King's Farm. Mr. Melville was a young man of good personal appearance, a Tory, as we have seen in politics, and an ardent admirer of Alice Stafford. He had a brother in General Howe's army, but had not himself joined it, though he contemplated doing so, as soon as he could complete the necessary arrangements. The only active part he had taken in the great conflict then in progress, was to solicit the aid of Henry in subduing the Whigs, which he did at the request of the British commander, conveyed to him through his brother Captain William Melville. We have seen that, although he was empowered to make tempting offers, his negotiation was unsuccessful; and having

communicated the result to his employer, he returned immediately to his residence at Rochelle.

Mr. Melville was a young gentleman of good education, of mild and polished manners, but of a disposition violent and even vindictive, when opposed in the execution of any favorite object. Ordinarily his conduct was unobjectionable, and such as was calculated to make him friends; but those who were intimate with him, well knew—many of them by experience—that beneath his courteous exterior, there slumbered a degree of passion, which a spark was sufficient to kindle into a consuming blaze. For this reason, he was not popular among his near neighbors, but those who casually met him, were charmed with his manners and conversation, and generally formed a highly favorable opinion of his character and abilities.

He had but recently returned from college. Renewing his acquaintance with the Staffords, he soon became enamored of Alice, visiting her almost daily, and using every means to ingratiate himself into her favor. Scarcely a day had passed without his calling at the Woods; but he did not at every visit succeed in seeing the young lady, as she kept out of his way whenever she could do so, without its being apparent that she purposely avoided him.

When Mr. Strong saw that he was to have a formidable rival in Julian Melville, he became exceedingly apprehensive that his own matrimonial scheme might be undermined and destroyed, by the superior attractions of a handsome young man, who, he could not help confessing, was so much

more likely than himself, to be the object of a lady's favorable regard. Determined, however, not to relinquish his purpose, he redoubled his efforts to gain so much the start in the race, that his competitor, with all his advantages of age and person, should not be able to overtake him. Pursuant to this resolution, he purchased a new suit of black clothes, made of better cloth than any he had hitherto worn; not forgetting a more modish and costly hat to take the place of the old one, which he now cast aside, having carried it daily for the preceding four years.

Thus equipped in a more attractive garb, and presenting, in his own opinion, at least, no contemptible appearance, he trusted for success to his assiduity and powers of persuasion, not less than to the assistance which he relied upon receiving from Mr. Hugh Stafford and his wife. He could scarcely permit himself to doubt that his friend, who, in time past, had given him so many decisive proofs of his regard, would hesitate to aid him in obtaining Alice's consent to the proposal he intended to make. He saw, however, that it would not answer to speak to him on that subject, until he had made such progress in his suit, as to render it quite certain that the influence of Mr. Stafford would decide the question favorably.

At the period of Henry Carleton's visit, the parson had, for the preceding six months, been a daily visitor at the Woods, where he had latterly been much annoyed by the presence of Mr. Melville. That young gentleman soon suspected the

object of Mr. Strong, and entertaining no fear of him as a rival, amused himself with the uneasiness which he saw that his attention to Miss Stafford inflicted upon the worthy suitor.

One evening, both these gentlemen departed from the Woods in company, and Mr. Melville feeling inclined to indulge in a little innocent merriment, concluded to hold a colloquy with Peleg, upon the subject which almost continually occupied both their minds. The latter was in unusually good spirits, having succeeded in drawing Alice into conversation, and had the honor of receiving from her fair hands as a present, a rare flower of exquisite beauty, which she had cultivated in her garden. This little incident added to the gracious manner in which she had entertained him, excited a feeling of joy such as he had never before experienced, and well nigh convinced him that, at length, she was prepared to give an affirmative answer, whenever he should propose for her hand. So elated was he, that, had no other person been there, he would have offered himself that evening; but the presence of her father and mother, and of Mr. Melville, induced him to defer that important step, till a more fitting time and opportunity.

When he parted with her, he put on one of his most captivating looks, as if he would tell, through the medium of his eyes, all that he was deprived by circumstances from communicating with his tongue; and then he took her hand in his, giving it a gentle squeeze, at the same time heaving an audible sigh, and twisting his features into something intended for

a smile. All this did not pass unnoticed by Julian Melville, who saw it, however, without any apprehension of being supplanted by his clerical competitor.

Having gained the road, Peleg was almost ready to jump out of his skin with joy. Julian feigned to be depressed in spirits, leaving Mr. Strong to infer that his melancholy was occasioned by the high favor in which the latter stood with the lovely object of their affections. They walked some distance in silence, when the reverend gentleman, who seemed inclined to commiserate his rival, observed: "You appear to be sad, my young friend: I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred this evening."

"Ah, Mr. Strong," replied Julian with a deep sigh, and looking upward to the full bright moon, "I would that I had cause for so much felicity as you must at this moment feel."

"Why, my good sir," replied Peleg with a significant toss of the head, "I will not deny that I have cause to be grateful for the blessings which it has pleased Heaven to shower upon me: to be unhappy in my situation, though I cannot boast of wealth, would argue an unreasonable, and a naturally discontented mind. I have a good living, and many kind friends; among whom there are none that I value more highly than the excellent family we have just left. Mr. Stafford I regard as one of the most valuable men in the county, and as to his lady, I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of her in such terms as my feelings suggest. Blest with their friendship, how could I be otherwise than happy?"

—Yes, Mr. Melville, I frankly confess to you, I *do* feel happy.”

Here the clergyman made a spring into the air, and skipped over the ground like a schoolboy, overjoyed at being released on a Saturday afternoon from the control of the pedagogue; and when he had thus, in some degree, worked off the excitement which produced this uncommon animation, the conversation was resumed.

“Yes, but reverend sir,” said Julian, in a mournful tone, and looking sorrowfully upon the ground, “You do not exactly comprehend me.”

“Pray, what have you reference to, my young friend?” demanded Mr. Strong, affecting indifference, though he suspected what Julian was driving at, and was anxious to hear what he had to say that would confirm his rising hopes.

“Mr. Strong, you do not seem aware how fortunate you are in ——”

“In what, my dear sir?” demanded the clergyman eagerly.

“In being the favorite, not only of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, but of one other person, whose preference will make you envied by every gentleman in the county.”

“Mr. Melville, how mistaken you are!” said Peleg smiling, and scarcely able to repress some extravagant expression of his unbounded joy. “Indeed I cannot imagine why you should attribute to me the good fortune of being the favorite of the amiable, I might say, angelic being, to whom you allude.”

"You must suppose, my good sir," observed Julian, "that I am blind, and cannot see what passes, when you honor that family with your presence. Cannot I perceive that no one is so cordially received as you, either by the young lady or her parents—that when you are there, Alice—the angelic Alice—as you have most appropriately called her, has no eyes, ears, or tongue, for any other than yourself—that joy beams upon her countenance when you arrive, as the earth smiles when the sun disperses the shades of night—and when you depart, that sadness returns to her beautiful features, as though nothing in this world can compensate her for your absence? Have I not a hundred times observed her silent and absent in mind, when you were away, scarcely heeding what I said, and showing by every word and action, that her thoughts were with you, and you alone? Seeing all this and more, can I doubt that you are the happy man, who is blessed with the love of the most perfect of God's creatures, and who has only to speak, if he has not already done so, to hear from her own lips, a confession that would make the happiness of a king? Ah, Mr. Strong, what felicity must be yours, in being beloved by a creature so beautiful—so divine!"

"Well," said Mr. Strong, "I must acknowledge that what you say is not altogether destitute of foundation; though, to confess the truth, I did not suppose that her preference was so apparent, that it should have attracted your observation."

"Apparent, my dear sir?"—why"—

"I must do justice to you," interrupted the clergyman bowing, "and admit that you are not only a keen observer, but a most excellent judge in all matters connected with—what shall I call it?—the tender passion. No person, I am sure, save yourself, could have so accurately interpreted those little peculiarities in the conduct of the adorable Miss Stafford, which, while they disclose the state of her feelings to the party immediately interested, are scarce so strongly marked, as to be matter of especial notice to indifferent by-standers. I rejoice, sir, that you have made this little discovery, and if I am not greatly mistaken, you will feel a degree of pleasure in the conviction, that the young lady has fixed her affections on one—I will not say worthy of her—but who will, to the best of his humble abilities, exert himself to secure her temporal, as well as spiritual welfare."

"It is for the young lady's sake, as well as for your own," said Julian, "that I rejoice in your mutual attachment."

"I thank you for the compliment implied in that observation," said Mr. Strong, bowing to Mr. Melville, whom he now considered one of the most judicious young men he had ever met. After walking a short distance in silence, during which Julian was ready to burst with suppressed laughter, the reverend gentleman turned to his companion and observed:

"My young friend, you are not perhaps aware of the deep interest I have felt in you, since I had

the happiness to become acquainted with you and your family."

"I feel flattered, sir, by the assurance," said Julian.

"Yes, sir," continued Mr. Strong, "I may with truth say, that, next to the family of Mr. Stafford, I respect that of your excellent father, more than any other in this county. For you, in particular, I have always felt strongly interested, because—I say it without meaning to flatter—I saw that you possessed a mind of a superior order, and a disposition calculated to win the esteem of those with whom you are thrown into contact. If any doubt had remained as to your possessing those qualities of head and heart, which I so much admire, your conduct and conversation of this evening would have removed it entirely. If you will pardon me for expressing a wish in regard to you, my young friend, I would say, that it would give me pleasure, if you could make it convenient to attend my church on the ensuing Sabbath; when I propose to deliver a discourse, addressed particularly to the more cultivated classes among my congregation. Might I hope, that, as you are not a regular worshipper at your own church, you will make one of my audience on that occasion?"

"I will attend with pleasure," replied Julian.

The two gentlemen then separated, and the younger, amused with his success in thus drawing out Mr. Strong, indulged in a hearty fit of laughter.

From the foregoing, the reader may get some insight into the character of at least one of Alice

Stafford's wooers. At the time of Henry's arrival at the Woods, both were in high hopes of success in their suit, notwithstanding the little encouragement afforded them by the object of their affections. It should be noticed, however, that Mr. Strong's subsequent interviews with Alice had given him reason to question, whether, after all, he stood as well with the lady as he had supposed; and although he never suffered a feeling of discouragement to take root, he was not, by many degrees, so certain of a fortunate termination of his project, as at the period of his conversation with Julian Melville.

CHAPTER XV.

It was with no small degree of uneasiness, that Henry Carleton saw Mr. Melville so assiduous in his attention to Alice Stafford, knowing as he did, that the high standing of that gentleman's family, and their political principles, made it quite probable, that, if Julian aspired to the hand of Alice, no objection would be urged by her father. He watched them closely with a view to discover what his feelings were in regard to her, and whether she deported herself towards him in such a manner, as to afford any ground for the apprehension, that a mutual attachment subsisted between them.

Although Henry was confident that he alone reigned in the bosom of Alice Stafford, yet he could not divest himself of some degree of fear that his rival, with certain advantages which he possessed, might work some change in her affections; if indeed, he had not already succeeded so far as to make his chances of success far more favorable than Henry had supposed. Another circumstance which kept alive this fear, was the fact of Carleton's being diametrically opposed to Hugh Stafford on the subject of the war with England, without the remotest prospect of their coming to think alike on that momentous question; while his rival, from

being a Tory in principle, and of a good family, had few apparent difficulties to encounter, unless the objection of Alice herself, should prove an insurmountable obstacle. This difference of opinion, he apprehended, would prove a serious bar to his progress, especially if he should conclude to connect himself with the army; in which case, he had reason to believe, that the stern and uncompromising spirit of Mr. Stafford, would effectually disappoint his views with respect to the hand of Alice.

Henry saw enough to convince him, that Julian was seeking to establish himself in the favor of Miss Stafford, and that he was not an aspirant, whose efforts could be viewed by a rival with perfect equanimity. He did not, however, discover any thing in the deportment of Alice, calculated to increase his fears; as his closest scrutiny could not detect in her manners and conversation, any evidence of her regarding him otherwise than as an ordinary but welcome guest.

Julian, on his part, when he understood that Carleton was to be a sojourner under the roof of Mr. Stafford, and saw the cordiality with which he was entertained by every member of the family, had little reason to believe that the prize would be suffered to fall quietly into his own hands. While his only competitor was Mr. Strong, he knew that he was perfectly safe, provided the lady herself should not prove inexorable; but the case had now assumed an entirely new aspect, and he felt that, if Henry should make an effort to obtain the hand of

Miss Stafford, his own success, to say the least, was extremely doubtful. He too, commenced a course of observations in order to ascertain how matters stood between them; and the more he saw, the less satisfied he became with the prospect before him. He could not be mistaken in the evidence which Carleton's manner afforded, of his admiration of Alice Stafford, nor did he long doubt that she fully reciprocated his partiality.

The reverend gentleman himself was not without some misgivings, that this accession to the number of Alice's wooers, boded no good to him; and occasionally during dinner, he manifested some uneasiness of mind, arising, doubtless, from the reflections which the new visiter excited. He exerted himself to the utmost, and called into action all his conversational powers, to shine, as the phrase is, and, if possible, to throw both his competitors into the shade. But the more he talked, the less likely he seemed to gain his point; for the object on whom the impression was to be made, did not appear so much interested in what he said as he could have wished—a circumstance which he imputed to her attention being in some measure occupied by the superior claims of a comparative stranger.

During the repast, Mr. Strong formed a resolution to embrace the earliest opportunity—even if it should occur that day—to offer himself to Alice Stafford. For more than a month he had been on the point of doing this, but had never before been able to screw his courage to the sticking place; so

formidable an undertaking did it appear to him to face a beautiful young lady, and talk to her of love and matrimony. Several times he had gone to the Woods, with the fixed determination to bring matters to a crisis; but no sooner did he come into the presence of Alice, than his heart began to fail him, and ere he left her, so little courage had he remaining, that he found it quite impossible to breathe a word to her on the subject. Now, however, he saw that the time had come to reach forth his hand and gather the fruit, lest others should anticipate his purpose, and frustrate his design forever.

When dinner was over—a meal which, in those days, was not, as it is now done by many, deferred till a late hour in the afternoon—the little party repaired to the withdrawing room, when Alice, at the particular request of Mr. Melville, seated herself at the piano, and executed several favorite airs. They had not been long there, before Cato entered and informed Henry, that a gentleman was at the gate desiring to speak to him. Taking his hat, and walking down the little avenue which led from the door to the road, he perceived a person on horseback, plainly attired in a suit of gray clothes, with a hat of white felt, drawn low upon his forehead, and shadowing his face in such a manner, as to prevent Henry's recognising the features, until he had got outside of the gate. The whole appearance of the horseman was that of a person belonging to the middle ranks in the country; and as he galloped along the road, might have been taken

for one of the farmers of the neighborhood, returning in his best suit from a visit to the city.

When Henry had approached within twenty yards of this stranger, he was addressed in a voice which startled him, so much did it resemble one with which he was perfectly familiar.

"Harry, I am glad to see you," said the person, and then with a smile upon his lips, sat silent, enjoying the surprise which he saw depicted upon Carleton's countenance. When the latter had passed through the gate, the stranger held out his hand, and observed, "I hope you will excuse me, Harry, for drawing you from more attractive metal within yonder mansion, but" —

"Good God! Captain H——," interrupted Carleton, "do my eyes deceive me?—Is it indeed you?—Pray what means this unexpected visit?—that dress, and—"

"One question at a time my dear boy, if you please," said Captain H——, otherwise you may not get satisfactory replies to any. If you can give me ten minutes of your time, I will explain to you the object of my present journey in this direction."

Henry then invited his friend to dismount, and called Cato to take charge of his horse; but Captain H—— declined going into the house, alleging that his limited time would allow him but a few minutes conversation, and that he wished to avoid being seen and recognised, especially by one unfriendly to the Whigs.

A few hundred yards below the house was a piece of woods adjoining the road. There Captain

H—— proposed to go, and requested Henry to follow him, that, in some retired spot, they might pass a short time together unobserved. This being agreed to, the former galloped away, while the latter returned to the house, and after stating his intention of absenting himself awhile, walked to the woods.

He found Captain H—— some distance from the road, standing by the side of his horse which was tied to a tree.

"You are doubtless surprised," commenced that gentleman, "to see me here so unexpectedly, particularly as I appear in a character somewhat different from that in which you last saw me."

"True," replied Carleton, "I am indeed surprised; and if you have no objection to explaining this mystery, I should like to be informed what has sent you hither dressed as you are."

"I have no objection to tell you," said Captain H——, "but my purpose, when it is told, must remain a secret in your bosom."

"Of course," observed Carleton, "if you impose secrecy."

"Well then," said the Captain, "the end of my journey will be in the British camp."

"Good God!" exclaimed Henry, "you surely are not going thither as a——"

"As a spy, you would say," observed Captain H—— with a forced smile upon his countenance, when he perceived that his friend turned pale, and seemed reluctant to pronounce the word; "I am indeed about to go among the enemy in that character,

—a task of great danger, I am aware, but one which, if successful, may be of signal advantage to our cause.”

“I am sorry you have undertaken it,” said Henry after a short pause; “for besides, that there seems to me to be something dishonorable in the character of a spy, who seeks to gain information by unfair means, death of the most ignominious character, is sure to follow detection and capture. Why then should you expose yourself to so fearful a risk? Why, when so dreadful consequences are involved in a failure, should you venture among the enemy in disguise, merely to obtain some information, which, after all, may not be of the slightest value? For Heaven’s sake, my friend, abandon this absurd and dangerous project.”

“Harry,” said Captain H—— in that familiar style of address, which he had long been accustomed to use, “you are wrong in supposing that there is anything dishonorable in the character which I have assumed for the purpose of promoting the service to which I am attached. King Alfred, you will remember, ventured among the Danes in disguise, and no person ever considered this a deed inconsistent with the high character associated with his name. There is a maxim which says that it is lawful to deceive the enemy, and it is one that is universally acted upon by all nations, when any advantage is sought to be gained. If it be allowed to intercept letters and despatches, and break the seals, why may we not go among the enemy, and by actual observation, obtain the knowledge which

we should not hesitate to extract from any of their papers that might fall into our hands? No, no, Harry, be assured that if there were anything dishonorable in the duty which has been confided to me, I should be the last to undertake its performance."

"I am perfectly aware of that," said Carleton—"but then the risk, Captain, the risk, and the awful consequences of capture."

"There is risk in war, Harry," said Captain H——, "which every man must incur, who seeks to distinguish himself in the army. When we go into battle, death surrounds us on every hand; but who thinks of danger when there is an important service to be performed?"

"But there is a difference," said Henry, with an earnestness of manner which showed the deep anxiety which had suddenly been excited in his mind, "between dying gloriously on the field of battle, with your arms in your hands, and giving away your breath like a common felon, under the hands of an executioner. Think of that Captain. If you are to die in this cause, let it be by the sword, shot, or bayonet of the enemy, when, if you fall, you go down covered with glory and honor; but for Heaven's sake, do not thus rashly in the very spring of your life, run the risk of parting with all you hold near and dear in this world, in a manner which cannot even be thought of without a thrill of horror. I implore you to be wise in time, and go no farther on this dreadful errand. There is no information to be obtained, depend

upon it, that can warrant such an exposure of your valuable life—valuable to yourself, to your family and friends, and of inestimable value, at this juncture, to your bleeding country. How in the name of Heaven,” continued Carleton, stamping upon the ground, and exhibiting other signs of intense feeling, “could Washington sanction such a proceeding? Are the lives of his best officers of no value, that he should thus send them to be sacrificed upon a scaffold?”

“Harry,” said Captain H—— in a calm and more solemn voice and manner, that contrasted strongly with the vehemence of his friend, “you do the General wrong. The act on my part is voluntary. He never would take it upon himself, to order me upon such a service. He conceived that it was a matter of the highest moment to learn, as nearly as may be, the number, situation, and purpose of our formidable enemy; and having consulted with his council on the subject, it was determined that Colonel Knowlton should be charged with the duty of ascertaining whether, any subordinate officer would be willing to undertake the perilous task, in compliance with the wishes of the Commander-in-chief. No sooner did I learn that such a measure was in agitation, than I immediately resolved to offer my services. I did so, and they were accepted; though not without the permission being accorded to me, of withdrawing my acceptance of the trust, if, after due consideration, I should feel reluctant to perform an office, fraught with so much difficulty and danger. My

friends, meanwhile, strenuously endeavored to dissuade me from going; but my mind was unalterably fixed upon obtaining the desired information, or perishing in the attempt."

"It is trifling with your life H——," said Carleton with a feeling of vexation arising from the determination of his friend, to persist in what he had undertaken; "it is—excuse me—a culpable trifling with a life which you are bound to preserve, so far as it can be done by refraining to expose it without a reasonable cause. Now the information you design to seek—though it might be desirable, if it could be obtained without hazarding too much—does not warrant such a risk as you are about to incur. The number of the enemy is already sufficiently well known, and their position on the Island can be of little consequence, since the idea of attacking them, has not, to my knowledge, been entertained. As to their purpose, I thought it was conjectured, that Howe would probably make the attempt to cross the river above the city, and thus, by hemming in Washington, cut off his communication with the eastern states. It was the apprehension of this, that caused the General to contemplate the abandonment of New York; and that Howe will soon make a movement in conformity to such a plan of operations, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. What, then, remains to be known, of sufficient importance to make it necessary, that you or any other person should thrust his head into the lion's mouth? Nothing, positively nothing. Once more, I entreat you to go no further. Return immediately, and

say that you have changed your mind. No one will accuse you of cowardice, for your courage is too well established—”

“Harry,” said Captain H——, “you plead in vain. Believe me, I am not insensible to the strong interest you manifest in my behalf, but if I were disposed to abandon an important duty, which had been confided to me by the Commander-in-chief, it is now quite too late. Sufficient time was allowed me to consider the matter maturely, and think you, after having in presence of my superior officers, signified my willingness to go; and proceeded thus far on my journey, that I could now permit myself to be influenced by the persuasions of a too partial friend? Harry, you yourself would not turn back, were you situated as I am. Your courage—your firmness of purpose—would not permit you to show yourself so vacillating; then why do you wish your friend to expose himself to the sneers of his brother officers, by adopting the course you recommend? Were I to be guided by your advice in this matter, I should be laughed at as a coward, whose heart failed him at the bare thought of danger. You would be ashamed to acknowledge me as your friend, and would think me better qualified for a shop-boy, than for a captain in the American army. As to the information which I am charged to obtain, I have only to say that the General, whose judgment cannot be questioned, has deemed it of sufficient importance, to warrant his sending an emissary to the British camp. You know his head and heart too well, to suppose, that he would take any

step, whereby the life even of a private in the army would be endangered, unless he had a good and sufficient reason for exposing him to peril. Can you seriously believe, then, that he would consent to my going disguised among the enemy, unless he thought that the object he had in view, would justify his placing me in jeopardy?"

Henry felt that the arguments of Captain H—— were not easily answered, and when his excitement had in some degree subsided, he saw that he had been urging what it was vain to expect from a person so resolute and energetic. A moment's calm reflection would have taught him, that an attempt to dissuade Captain H—— from a purpose in which he had proceeded so far, would be entirely fruitless; but such was his apprehension of losing his warmest friend, by what, at the first glance, he regarded as a rash and foolish project, which promised little benefit, and might be productive of much harm, that he thought of nothing but to turn him from so hazardous an enterprise, by every argument that occurred to his mind. Finding him inflexible, Henry did not renew his persuasion.

"I was not prompted," continued Captain H—— "to undertake this unwelcome task, simply by my ambition to distinguish myself: I was actuated, I trust, by a higher and purer motive—a wish to be of real service to my country. I have now been connected with the army some time, and hitherto I have done nothing—literally nothing—to advance the great and glorious cause to which I am wedded. I wish to do something towards accom-

plishing the object for which we have taken up arms, and I have now an opportunity of gratifying my desire, by proceeding unaided and alone to gain such knowledge of the enemy, as may enable our great commander to determine what course he should pursue. The times are dark and lowering—our forces, broken and discouraged, are leaving their ranks and returning by hundreds to their homes—and the prospect before us is so shrouded in impenetrable gloom, that it is difficult even to support the hope, that the future has anything in store for us, but defeat, submission, and disgrace. Under these circumstances so distressing to the heart of a patriot, it behooves every man to cast aside all thoughts of self—to disregard danger—and, with a single eye to the good of his country, to hold himself in readiness to perform any task that may be assigned to him. I will not deny that I have my share of ambition, and that I have indulged the hope of so connecting my name with this great contest, that it shall appear with honorable mention upon the page of history. But I think I may say with truth, that ambition had no share in determining me to become a spy. I would go, if I were certain that the performance of this duty would be known to no person under Heaven. It is enough for me, that my service in this matter promises to be a benefit to that country for which I live, and if need were, for which I would most willingly lay down my life.”

“It may be right that you should go,” said

Henry, "and perhaps I was wrong in imputing to his Excellency, a want of proper consideration for the life of one of his youngest officers."

"Had you seen him, Harry," said the Captain, "at our last interview, you would have thought that his feelings were rather those of a parent, than of a general intent upon the success of his military operations. We were alone, and had I been his own son, I am sure he could not have manifested a deeper interest in me, or felt more unpleasantly under the reflection that I was about to execute a commission, which might terminate in an ignominious death. His emotions on taking my hand, for a moment prevented him from speaking; and his first words were, to thank me for the promptitude with which I had responded to his wishes expressed through Col. Knowlton. He added that if I regretted having assumed the perilous duty, I would oblige him by candidly saying so; as it was a service which he would neither impose on any officer against his consent, nor accept but with the assurance that it would be willingly and cheerfully performed. I replied that his will was my law, and that although the errand was not to be coveted, I had seen no reason to repent my decision. "Go then, said he, as he shook me by the hand, "be prudent, and God be with you."

"Captain," demanded Henry, while every feature of his face seemed to glow with the enthusiasm which had been suddenly kindled in his bosom, "will you do me a favor?"

"If it be such as, under the circumstances in

which I am placed, I can grant, most certainly; for, as it would be the first, so it might be the last, favor that fortune will permit me to do you."

"Say not the first," remarked Henry taking the hand of his friend; "for during our long intimacy, you have placed me under a load of obligations. I have to ask that you will allow me to accompany you."

"Impossible," replied the officer. In the first place, I am not sure that I should be justifiable in doing anything, whereby the risk of failure would be increased; and, secondly, as no advantage could possibly arise from your going with me, it would be very wrong to place your life in jeopardy."

"But in case you were seized," said Carleton, "you would have my assistance in making a defence. In that way, if in no other, I might be of service to you, and through you, to the country."

"I thank you," said Captain H——; "I fully appreciate your feelings; but what you ask I dare not grant, and would not if I durst. What would Alice say to me, if I should accede to your request? I wish to make her my friend, and not my enemy."

"She might be obliged to you," said Henry with a smile, "for thus procuring my absence."

"Nay, that cannot be, Harry; she loves you too well, or the language of lovers' eyes, is devoid of truth. But time flies and I must resume my journey."

"Where do you cross?" asked Carleton.

"I shall proceed to Fairfield, and there procure a passage to the Island. How long I shall be

absent, I cannot say, but my sojourn among the enemy will, I assure you, be as short as may be consistent with the object of my visit. On my return I shall probably see you again, and should I be as successful as I hope to be, that pleasure may be mine within the present week."

During the conversation, Captain H—— informed Carleton of an intended expedition against Montresor's Island, which had been taken possession of by the British. The latter, whose restless spirit was longing for scenes of greater activity than those to which it had recently been accustomed, immediately felt a strong desire to join the party, which was to be under the command of Lieut. Col. Jackson. The attack was to be made on the following morning, and he saw no difficulty in repairing early to the spot, assisting the assailants, and returning to the Woods by nightfall, without any of the inmates being the wiser for his absence. He had no sooner conceived this idea, than his resolution was taken; and on communicating his wish to his friend, Captain H—— wrote a note in pencil addressed to Col. Jackson, requesting him as a particular favor, to allow Mr. Carleton to join the expedition, and, if possible, to assign him such a post, as a gentleman-volunteer would like to fill. This being settled, the officer untied his horse and prepared to mount. He had spent more time with his friend than he had intended, and was, therefore, obliged to resist Carleton's efforts to detain him longer in conversation.

"Nothing," said he, "would give me more plea-

sure than to spend the next month with you in this delightful vicinity; but the calls of duty are imperative, and I must obey. Before I go, however, let me present you with this brooch, which wear for my sake, and, with your permission, I will leave this watch in your charge, to be kept till I shall see you again. Should any thing happen to me—I mean—if we should never meet again—it is yours. Here too, is a letter which, in the event of my being captured, I would thank you to deliver to her to whom it is addressed. And now, my friend, let me express the hope that you may long live to enjoy the felicity which an union with Alice, should it take place, will bring you; or, to speak with reference to the classics, may the happiness of *Thalassius* be ever yours.”

Henry received the articles, and with them the hand of his friend; but his strong emotions would only permit him to say, “God bless you.” Captain H—— then mounted, and pronouncing the word “farewell,” put spurs to his horse, dashed through the foliage, and was soon out of sight.

Carleton seated himself upon a prostrate log, where, lost in deep thought, he remained till the shades of evening began to descend, and reminded him that it was time to reappear among his friends at the Woods. Anticipations of evil filled his mind, and the future seemed to him dark and gloomy. He walked home in a melancholy mood, and found the little party looking as if they had not enjoyed one another’s conversation—so little of cheerfulness, or rather so much of discontent was

exhibited in the countenances of the clergyman and Mr. Melville, who, in truth, had little reason to be satisfied with the progress of their suit, during the preceding few hours. When Carleton entered the room, he fancied that Alice seemed pleased at his return; and whether she was or not, the effect of her smile was, to raise his spirits, in some degree, from that state of depression in which they had been left by his interview with Captain H——.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON the following morning at breakfast, Carleton announced his determination of taking a ride in the direction of Harlem. Mr. Stafford had offered him the choice of his horses, and having selected a fine black colt, which had been trained only to the saddle, he set off, with a caution from Cato, to be sparing in the use of the spur, lest the fiery animal should take it into his head to retaliate, by planting him upon the ground. Cato thought it impossible that a young gentleman from "York" could be a good horseman, and entertained some fears not only for the rider, but for the beautiful steed to which the worthy black was much attached. When, however, he saw the colt make several caracoles, and observed the steadiness and ease with which Henry occupied the saddle, he was forced to confess that "Massa Carleton was no raw hand wid a horse arter all."

Leaving Henry upon the road, we will, for the present, confine our attention to the Woods, and narrate what occurred there during the day.

We observed in the last chapter, that Peleg Strong and Mr. Melville seemed little pleased with their visit on the preceding day. Of course there was no want of courtesy in their entertainment, but

there was that in Alice's manner, which, while it would have satisfied an ordinary visiter, fell short of what was naturally expected by two ardent lovers, anxious to obtain some evidence—were it but a look, word, or smile—of her favorable regard. Mr. Melville, having essayed in vain to elicit something from her, on which to build the hope, that her affections, if not placed upon him, were yet disengaged and free to be won, relapsed into a moody silence, leaving the field clear for the amorous clergyman to exert his powers to the greatest possible advantage.

The result of Mr. Strong's efforts was any thing but satisfactory to him, yet he was not so much inclined as his rival, to take the matter seriously to heart, nor to despair of being more successful another time. He recollected having read or heard, (for of ladies he knew but little from experience,) that females are sometimes unaccountably whimsical; now manifesting to their lovers without reserve, the true state of their feelings, and now treating them as things of little value in their eyes. This was a thought that sustained him under circumstances that had a depressing effect upon Mr. Melville, yet it did not altogether prevent his entertaining fears of having lost ground in the lady's estimation. Thus both were unhappy, but one to a far greater degree than the other.

On his way home that evening, Mr. Strong carefully examined the state of his suit, dwelling upon every favorable circumstance, and passing hastily over those that were adverse; and he made up his

mind, that it was quite time to come to an understanding with Alice, and that, on the following morning, happen what might, he would make her a formal tender of his heart, hand, and *fortune*! He was not without some apprehensions, that he had already deferred this important step too long for his own interest; but still he had so much confidence in being beloved, that he did not allow himself to question, that his proposal would be favorably received. He recollected the flower that Alice had presented to him a day or two previously—a convincing proof to him, that her heart was his, and that she might be had for the asking. That flower he had worn in his bosom, covered nicely within the folds of his shirt, whence he would occasionally draw it, apply it first to his nose, then to his lips, and afterwards restore it to its hiding place beneath his linen.

On the morning in question, Mr. Strong, attired with more than his usual care, made his appearance at the Woods. His hat had experienced a fresh brushing, as well as his coat and breeches; and his shoes were as bright, as if Day and Martin had, in those days, been in the height of their brilliant career. His cravat was of spotless white, though several conspicuous repairs by unskilful hands, gave notice of its having been long in use.

Thus equipped for the most important undertaking of his life, the reverend gentleman walked up the little avenue leading from the road. His gait was slow, and there was a certain erectness of posture, and a gravity of countenance, which suffi-

ciently evinced the importance that he attached to his own person. He was as usual, met at the door by Cato, who ushered him into the drawing room, and then departed to announce the visit to his mistress. As he withdrew, Cato in his peculiar way, eyed the clergyman from head to foot; for the improved appearance of the gentleman, and the increased frequency of his visits, had not escaped the black's observation. He had also noticed his close attention to Alice, and had become exceedingly curious as to the meaning of these alterations in conduct and dress; frequently making them the subject of comment among his fellow servants. The prevailing opinion in the region where Cato reigned despotically, was, that Peleg Strong was inclined to matrimony, and that he had become enamored of their young mistress. The merriment which such a supposition occasioned, may be well imagined; but Cato would never believe that Mr. Strong could entertain the absurd idea, of proposing for the hand of Alice Stafford. The very allusion to such a thing, was sufficient to put him out of patience; for he had, in his own mind, decided, that Henry Carleton was to be the future husband of his mistress, and he could not listen with equanimity to the suggestions that both Mr. Strong and Mr. Melville were also candidates for that honor.

The frequent discussion of this subject had made Cato watchful of every movement in the parlor, and the result of his observations was, that he became exceedingly embarrassed to understand the peculiar management on the part of the clergyman.

He secretly resolved that, if he should see anything to warrant the belief, that Mr. Strong entertained the preposterous design imputed to him by the whole kitchen, he would himself take the matter in hand, and, by giving the lady some salutary advice, put an end, at once and forever, to the pretensions of the preacher.

Mr. Strong had fortunately selected a favorable time for his visit. An hour before his arrival, Mr. Stafford had gone into the neighboring woods with his gun and dog, to enjoy the sport of which he was remarkably fond; and Mrs. Stafford was engaged in some domestic occupation which detained her in another apartment during the whole morning, thus making it the disagreeable duty of Alice, to receive their guest, and listen to his conversation. At almost any other time, she would not have minded this task, but being out of spirits and desiring to be alone, she would rather have been excused.

When she entered the room, the clergyman rose and made a low bow, at the same time expressing the hope that he saw her well.

"Cato tells me," he said, on taking a seat very near Miss Stafford, "that your papa has gone to amuse himself in the woods. The sport of hunting is one that we clergymen in this country are debarred from enjoying, though in England, I am told, it is not uncommon for gentlemen of our profession to go into the fields with their gun and dogs, by which exercise both body and mind, after severe mental labor, are refreshed and invigorated."

"It always seemed to me," said Alice, "a most unclerical employment—one wholly inconsistent with the sacred calling of a minister of the gospel. Imagine St. Paul or St. Peter with his gun and pointers, shooting woodcocks or hares, after having written an epistle or preached a sermon."

"I will not advocate the propriety of participating in it," said Mr. Strong, "though it may be sanctioned by the practice of the English clergy; for I think with you, that ministers of the gospel should do nothing inconsistent with their high and holy vocation. Nevertheless, I must confess, that, as I am very fond of the sport, having been quite a huntsman in my boyhood, I have often regretted being deprived of the exercise it affords, by the controlling force of public opinion, to say nothing of the doubts I entertain, as to its being compatible with the ministry, of which I am an unworthy member."

Miss Stafford remained silent, and the clergyman looked upon her with a soft and languishing expression, not knowing exactly how to approach the subject upon which he desired, yet almost dreaded to speak. Had he been called upon at that moment to deliver an extemporaneous sermon, he could, without the slightest difficulty, have talked fluently for two hours or more; but he now felt embarrassed for words to address a timid girl, and could scarcely muster sufficient courage to enable him simply to confess that he loved her, and would like to make her his wife.

While Alice sat playing with a small ornament,

that depended by a ribbon from her neck, Peleg gradually drew his seat towards her, till he had approached quite as near as propriety warranted. He then stretched his left arm along the back of her chair, while, with his right hand, he drew forth the decayed flower, which, by this time, had lost nearly all its leaves, and, of course, its fragrance. Placing it under his nose, and inhaling a long breath, a deep sigh followed, and then another soft glance upon the young lady, who now raised her eyes to his, with no small degree of surprise written on her countenance.

“Do you remember this?” demanded Mr. Strong, in a low tone, and with a most sheepish look, while he held up the remains of the flower; for he now felt that he had taken the first step in this formidable, and, to him, novel, undertaking—a step, according to the French proverb, *ce n’est que le premier pas qui coute*—that causes the most embarrassment.

“That flower, sir?—I do not, indeed,” replied Miss Stafford.

“Is it possible,” said Mr. Strong, with a tremor in his voice occasioned by timidity, that you have so soon forgotten the circumstance of presenting it to me? I received it from you with infinite pleasure as an evidence, I thought, of your—your—esteem; and I have cherished it ever since in my bosom, as one of the most precious gifts it was ever my good fortune to receive.”

“Oh, I do now remember to have handed you that,” said Miss Stafford with a smile, while a

blush suffused her cheek; "but I did so because I thought you would like to examine a flower so rare and beautiful. I did not mean it to be received as the expression of any feeling or sentiment."

"Ah! Miss Stafford," said the disappointed clergyman, again drawing a deep sigh, "if you knew how much pleasure my interpretation of the gift has afforded me, I am sure you would have allowed me to think that you meant it as a token of your regard. You have, in a measure, destroyed a delightful illusion."

"If," said Alice, "it would give you so much pleasure to know that I esteem you as a friend of my family, I am willing to acknowledge the fact; but the truth in regard to the flower, is precisely as I have told you."

"True, true," said the clergyman, "I have reason to believe that, as a friend, I was not so unfortunate as to have failed to secure your esteem; but then I did hope—that is—I indulged the belief, that this little flower was designed to hint in a most delicate manner, that your feelings towards me were not simply those of mere friendship, but of that peculiar kind, which ——"

"Mr. Strong," interrupted Alice, "I am at a loss to understand your meaning."

"Pardon me, dear lady, said Peleg, turning pale as if with fright, and moving back his chair; "if I have said any thing improper, I humbly entreat your forgiveness. The truth is—I—had—something on my mind which I wished to communicate to you—but really—you seem—to have taken so

much alarm at my approach to the subject, that I—I—scarcely know whether to say any thing more or not.”

“Whatever you may have to tell me,” said Alice, sweetly, “I will listen to patiently. Pray go on.”

Whether Miss Stafford suspected what the clergyman was about to communicate, we cannot say, but his language on this, as on several other occasions, had it come from a younger man, would have been easily understood. As he was old enough to be her father, and the last person in whom she would have dreamed of finding a lover, it is possible that, hitherto, it had not entered her mind, that he was about to make a confession of love, and to offer himself as a solicitor for her hand. Or, if she had anticipated such a movement, her readiness to hear him out, was, perhaps, owing to a wish on her part, to come to an understanding with him, that he might no longer cherish a hope that never could be realized.”

“Since you encourage me to proceed,” said Peleg again drawing near the young lady, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, like a culprit schoolboy in dread of the ferule, “I would say, that, within the last few months, I have had a feeling (placing his hand upon his bosom,) which has been a source of uneasiness to me, inasmuch”——

“Would it not be proper,” interrupted Alice, evidently misunderstanding the clergyman’s ailment, “to consult Dr. Squill or Dr. Bolus, both of

whom, you know, are considered skilful in their profession?"

"Miss Stafford," observed the clergyman a little disconcerted, "you misapprehend my meaning. My affection is that of the heart; and I was about to say to you, that it caused me some uneasiness, inasmuch as circumstances render it uncertain, whether it will ultimately be productive of happiness or of misery.

Mr. Strong paused, probably to see how the foregoing remark would be received; but as Alice remained silent, he concluded that he might venture to come at once to the point. He felt like a boy who has a dose of medicine before him, which he knows that he will be forced to swallow and who, having deferred it till the last moment, at length takes courage, and, with one gulp, finishes the dreaded task. After a few minutes of silence, during which his resolution was gradually rising to the requisite height, he at last found himself able to speak his mind in a clear and audible tone of voice.

"Do not be offended," said he with a rapid enunciation, "if I confess that I love you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Alice reddening, and starting with surprise, "you surely do not mean"—

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Stafford," said he, interrupting her; for as he had now broken the ice, and imparted to her the great secret of his bosom, he found he could do the rest without difficulty;—like a man who, with fear and trembling, goes into battle, but gains courage immediately after firing a

shot or two at the enemy; "I am constrained to say that I love you—not as one friend loves another—but as a young man loves the female whom he desires to make his wife. Yes, you have inspired me with that feeling which books and my own observation have told me, all are subject to at some period of their lives; though, hitherto, it has pleased Heaven that I should resist the influence of female charms, reserving me, I would fain believe, to be a loving husband unto you."

Here Mr. Strong again paused and wiped the perspiration from his brow, with a large red handkerchief which had been perfumed with musk.

"Now the circumstances," he continued, "to which I alluded, as rendering it somewhat uncertain, whether this, my acknowledged affection, will be productive to me of happiness or misery, are, first, the difference in our ages, which, indeed, to confess the Lord's holy truth, seems to be considerable; and, secondly, the disparity between our fortunes, which, in worldly eyes, will be held no trifling obstacle, seeing that great value is set upon money, by those whose attention is not properly drawn towards spiritual things, which alone are worthy to be highly estimated by all heavenly-minded Christians. As to the first, I would say, that I am still in the prime of life, and have not, by many years, reached that point, whence we begin to descend into the shady valley of old age. You will observe, that scarcely a gray hair has yet made its appearance upon my temples; and as to my face, (glancing at the mirror, and re-adjusting a

lock or two,) not a wrinkle can be seen, nor an indication of being advanced much beyond the stage of early manhood. This being the case, it seems to me that the circumstance of my being, by a few years, your senior, ought not to be regarded as a serious objection; considering that my ripe age is attended with at least one advantage—and that by no means a trifling one—namely, that it has imparted to me a sobriety and steadiness of character, which are rarely found in one under five-and-twenty.”

“In regard to the second, to wit, my lack of this world’s goods, I would remark, that I am in possession of a living—thanks to the influence of your kind and excellent father—which, by proper economy, will enable me to support you comfortably, and to educate our ——”

“Mr. Strong,” said Alice; “it is proper that I should tell you, in reply to the proposition you have just made, that what you have stated as the end and aim of your wishes, does not coincide with my views, and cannot, therefore, receive my approbation. I am sorry that you have allowed yourself to become attached to me, as it is disagreeable to me to inflict upon you the pain of a refusal; but as it is better for us both that we should now understand each other, so that the subject may not be left open for future discussion, I will say decidedly, though respectfully, that I decline the alliance you propose. You have suggested one good reason, at least, why such an union would be improper—the great difference in our ages. To this I could add

another, namely, that I am not qualified for the wife of a clergyman, wanting as I do, that sober and serious disposition, which would be so essential to your happiness. If other reasons were required, I could name several, which would, in my opinion, as well as in that of my parents, be considered as insuperable objections; but if there were no other, the fact that I entertain towards you no sentiment but that of esteem, would be sufficient to warrant me in giving a negative answer to your proposal."

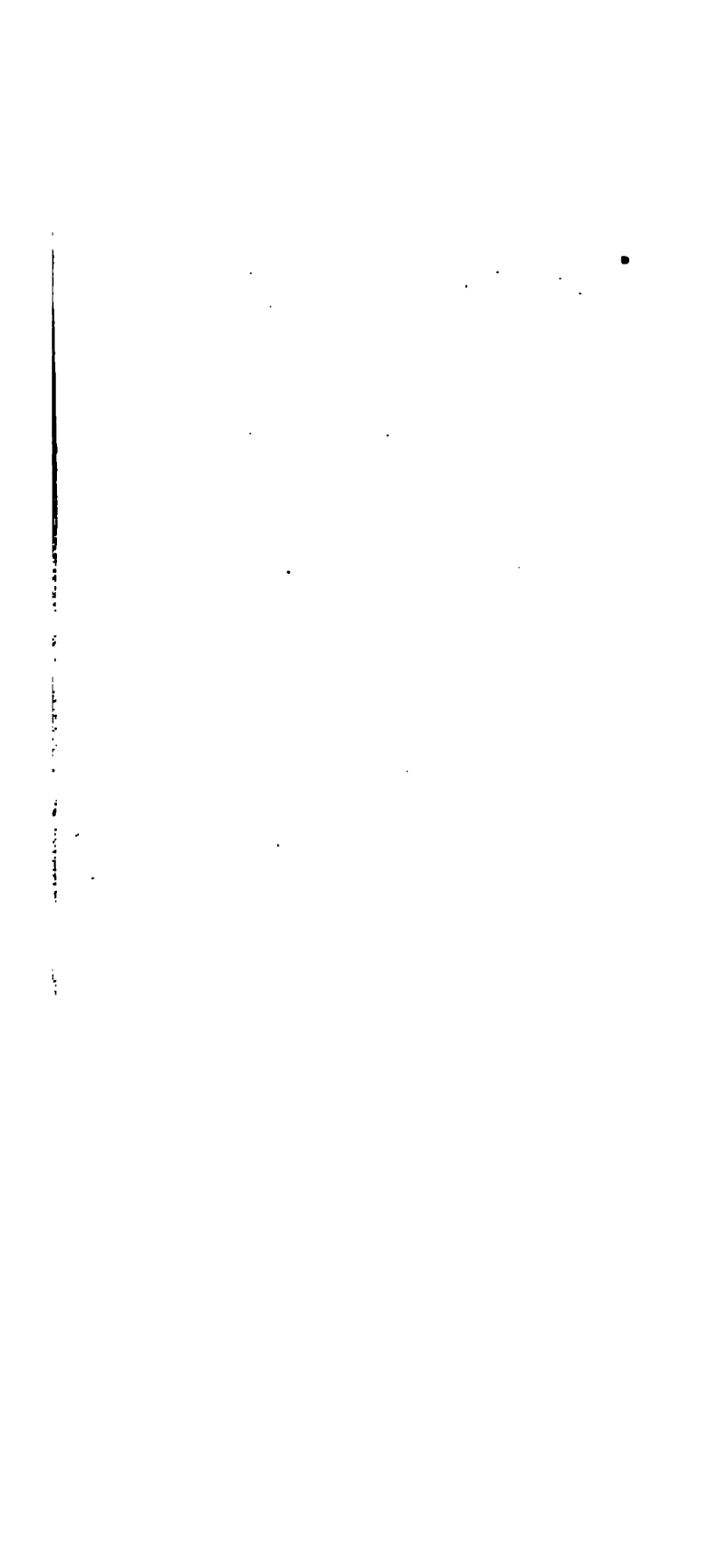
The clergyman heard this response with feelings scarcely less enviable than those which we may suppose to rack the bosom of the culprit, who listens to his sentence of death. He looked pale and dejected, his eyes were cast upon the floor, and a tear trickled slowly down his nose, and fell upon the flower which he still held betwixt his fingers. He offered not a word more, for the refusal had been so prompt and decided, that nothing was left him to say, that could possibly alter the unfavorable aspect of his cause.

Alice was moved by the uncomfortable appearance of her rejected wooer. She would have done something to alleviate his distress, but scarcely knew what to say, unless she should recall her words, and permit him to cherish the hope of better success at some future time. Of this she could not think, and was therefore obliged to let him chew the cud of bitter thoughts, simply assuring him that, although she could never stand to him in the

relation which he desired to establish, she hoped to enjoy his friendship for many a year to come.

Before the termination of their interview, however, Mr. Strong had nearly recovered his usual cheerfulness, and after spending an hour or more in conversation upon various topics, took his departure. On his way home, he resolved not to suffer himself to be discouraged by one rebuff, as he had known instances—indeed his own father, as he had heard, was one—of wooers accomplishing their object, after being several times rejected. If this had happened before, he saw no good reason why it might not again.

When he was gone, Alice left the parlor, and was met in the hall by Cato, whose uneasiness at the singular movements of Mr. Strong, had increased to such a degree, that he thought it his duty, as a good and faithful member of the family, to inquire whether there was any truth in the suspicion entertained by the servants, touching the object of the clergyman's visits. He had some good advice to administer, should his fears be confirmed, but Mr. Stafford's entering the house at the moment he was about to commence his inquiries, frustrated his design. He resolved, however, to take an early opportunity of speaking to her upon the subject.









10/25/64

